Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, In advance.

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way:
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garners to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly;
As they wait that last trump which they may not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death stricken drowning:
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace-times are all swept away,
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day:
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here,
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Faraway, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm wave's retreating—spent, fitful, and slow,
With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go,
By yon red-flowing river whose waters
Hail darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came,
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn
Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky:
From the flesh of our steel a new daybreak seemed born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast;
The heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?
Yes; the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked but—a grave!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

BURIED ALIVE.

SOME STARTLING INSTANCES OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

[Belgravia Magazine.]

A few months ago a young and beautiful woman, on the eve of her marriage with the man she loved, was buried in the neighborhood of Lodi, in Piedmont, in accordance with the doctor's certificate. The doctor was of the opinion that the girl had died from excitement—over-joy, it is said, at the prospect of being married, but the legal name for the catastrophe was disease of the heart, and with this verdict her place in society was declared vacant. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown down on the coffin, strange noises were heard proceeding therefrom, "as of evil spirits disputing over the body of the dead." The grave-diggers took to flight, and the mourners began praying; but the bridegroom, less superstitious than the others, insisted on the coffin being unnailed. This was done, but too late: the girl was found in an attitude of horror and pain impossible to describe; her eyes wide open, her teeth clenched, her hands clutching her hair. Life was extinct, but when laid in her shroud, the day before, her eyes were closed, her hands were folded on her breast as if in prayer.

In some instances the victims of trance have been known to rise out of their coffins. A case is recorded of a young lady in Leipzig, who, being reported dead during a nervous attack, was placed in her coffin in her parents' house and there kept duly dressed for the grave, with the lid of the coffin still unnailed. While the family were at supper she appeared in her winding-sheet at the parlor door; pale and frightened, but fair to see as before her supposed death. Father and mother and sisters started up with cries of horror and rushed out of the room by another door, believing her to be a ghost. It was only after a long interval, during which they entered and found her at the table eating and drinking, that they persuaded themselves that the girl still lived. They found her coffin empty: ergo, the ghost in the parlor was a living soul! The doctor, the priest, and the undertaker saw the error of their ways, and the deed was cancelled which declared the lady a corpse. On the following year another deed was made out for the same lady, and the same priest officiated, but not the doctor or the undertaker. The lady was married, and lived to be the mother of many children.

Mission, in his *Medical Anecdotes*, tells a story of a lady, who, in 1577, was buried alive in Cologne. This lady was the wife of a consul, and was placed in the family vault in gay attire, with rings on her fingers and a golden chain round her neck, as on her wedding day. Robbers repaired to her grave at dead of night to steal her jewelry and were taking the rings from her fingers, which were damp and swollen, when the lady awoke, and, sitting bolt upright, as if galvanized, stared and smiled at her visitors. One of the three men fell down in a fit, fearing the devil or his agency, and the others took to their heels "as if pursued by fiends." The lady walked home and was received by her husband, first with fear and afterwards with transports of joy, and lived for many a long day in health and happiness. In the Church of the Holy Apostles at Cologne is a picture of the Consul's wife waking from the tomb, but the event is ascribed as a miracle, and death and not a trance is the subject of the picture.

But there are double deaths—two fold burials—which are perhaps the most horrible of all. Society thinks it is burying one person, but the "deceased" being a woman, may from the point of view of maternity include two lives, or even more. Gasparo Rejes tells the story of a child born in the tomb whose mother was buried alive. The lady was the wife of a man of property named Francesco Orvallos, and "died" while far advanced in pregnancy, during her husband's absence. Orvallos, returning home the day after the funeral, had the tomb opened, not because he suspected foul play, but because he wished to gaze once more on the face of his beloved. The lady was in truth dead, but death had transpired in the grave. A child, struggling into existence, met the gaze of the bereaved husband, and was removed without difficulty by a medical assistant. The mother was once more consigned to the tomb, but the child born lived to be a man; and, carrying till his death the name of "Fruit of the Earth," occupied for several years the post of lieutenant-general on the frontiers of Cherez. This story is reproduced by the late Professor Comi in his treatise on *Apneology*.

A poor woman at Castel del Giudice, in the province of Molise, was taken ill with the premonitory symptoms of childbirth, and having fainted away while the doctor was being sent for, was, on his arrival, declared dead. Burial follows death very rapidly in southern countries, especially in Italy. It is the night of the tomb setting in without the twilight of the death-chamber; and eight-and forty hours in the north of Italy, and four-and-twenty in the south, is the time allowed by law.

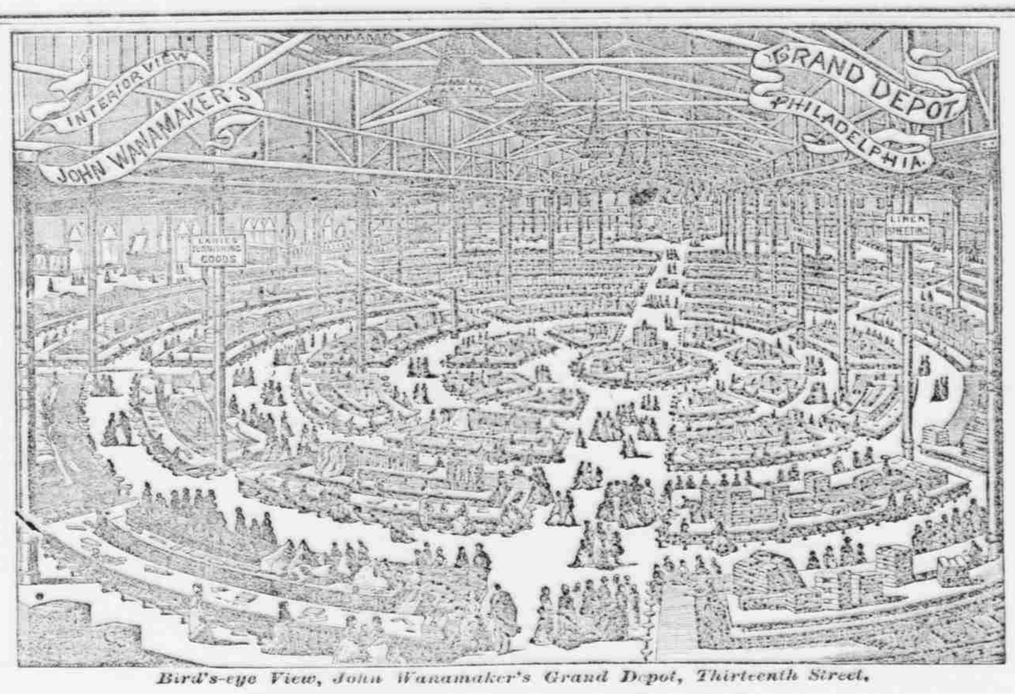
This was the case with the poor woman of Molise. Her friends had doubts as to one, at least, of the deaths—that of the unborn babe—but the doctor was inexorable. He refused to operate on the "corpse" to save the infant life, and the Syndic, approving of his conduct, ordered the body to be buried. The funeral took place exactly at the twenty-fourth hour—that is to say, that the body, being a poor one, was thrown into the ground like a dog. Dog-like, too, it had no rights, for a few days afterwards it was unearthed to make room for another corpse—that of a girl—which was to be thrown in over it. But the becchini (the grave-diggers) perceived while doing their work that the woman buried the week before "had moved in the grave." Her hands were up to her mouth; her eyes were wide open and staring frightfully—she had been trying to bite the bands by which her wrists were fastened. But the bands of her legs were rent asunder, and there, in the dust beside her, was a dead child!

The following is authenticated by Beuhier, and is quoted, in slightly different words, by Dr. Gandolfi: A schoolmaster in Mohlstadt, named Wenzel, was legally pronounced as dead, and got ready for burial. He was to be buried on a certain fixed day, but his sister, who lived far off, had not arrived, and it was decided that the funeral should be postponed. The "deceased," in his winding sheet unable to move and apparently unable to breathe, heard with joy of this delay, and tried, but utterly in vain, to open his eyes, which were fast closed. His sister arrived, and finding him dead, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and, seized his hand, reproved him passionately for thus dying without one word of farewell. She took his head between her hands and pressing it wildly, looked at him with a fixed and half-demented scrutiny. The eyelids of the "deceased" were seen to quiver; the eyes half opened; he was saved! He had succeeded in putting his latent self in communication with the outer world; and what he himself had begun the doctors completed. Here was a man who, but for his sister's delay, would have been buried alive! Beuhier's story is, in fact, the confession of Wenzel. It is the story of a patient describing his horror on finding himself a dead man; and without much confusion of terms, it might be called the "Confessions of a Corpse." Dr. Gandolfi asserts that many such cases have been recorded in various parts of Europe, and that in most instances the cases have been "proved and authenticated." Gandolfi is an authority; and all persons of a quibbling or skeptical nature would do well to consider the matter thoroughly before condemning the evidence.

But it is needless to prolong the list of examples. Enough has been said to show the wickedness of hasty funerals and the necessity of establishing a proper system of tests. But these tests, so long expected, are not forthcoming. Many physicians are, indeed, of opinion that no such system is obtainable in the present state of medical science. There are, they affirm, a great many ways of proving death if sufficient time may be allowed for experments; but during the experiments or before the experiments have begun, the supposed corpse may, they declare, pass from apparent to real death, and thus, without sign or warning, frustrate all inquiry. Celebrated physicians cannot be at the deathbeds of all sick persons. The poor, and even the rich, must oftentimes content themselves with the services of doctors who are not famous either for learning or intuition; and the medicines and appliances by which distinguished physicians might succeed in testing the existence of life, in persons suffering from trance, would, in the case of poor people, cost too much; and no one is willing to guarantee their final success. For it is important to bear this point in mind—it is one thing to certify that a "corpse" is not really dead; it is another thing to revive that corpse after the inner life—latent and slow to assert itself—has been properly recognized. No; what is wanted is a simple test and not a complicated test, or a complicated series of tests, which would be out of the reach of the poor and beyond the power of inexperienced or badly paid doctors. Let us have that test as soon as possible. No doctor deems it an impossibility. It is a matter of great difficulty, and that is all. But difficulties as great or greater than this have been mastered over and over again by modern science.

THE BLESSING OF A WIFE.—It needs no guile to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen. The utility dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may woman, before the sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

A woman who has tried the experiment says: "When a man finds a place that is pleasanter to him than his home, his wife should put two lumps of sugar in his coffee, and double the quantity of sunshine in the front room."



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street.

SPRING, 1878.

Silks
Dress Goods
Mourning Goods
Cloakings
Flannels
Linens
Muslins
White Goods
Laces
Ribbons
Trimmings
Embroideries
Fringes
Zephyrs and Worsteds
Neckwear
Gloves
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Flowers & Feathers

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

The principles of—

1—A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.
2—One Price and no partiality.
3—Politeness and Patience to rich and poor.
4—Cash Returned if buyers return goods (even though Dress Patterns) in reasonable time and uninjured.

A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy, or "only to see the fashions."

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Very respectfully,

JOHN WANAMAKER,

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Ladies' & Misses' Suits
" Sacques & Cloaks
" Underwear
Hosiery
Upholstery Goods
Blankets and Quilts
Trunks and Valises
Rubber Goods
Horse Covers
Men's & Boys' Clothing
Hats
Shoes

Their Different Careers.

THE ENDS OF TWO MEN WHO STARTED TOGETHER FORTY YEARS AGO.

Just forty years ago, says the New York *Tribune*, two lads landed from an emigrant ship in New York. They were both honest, of decent parentage, and intelligent. They discussed ways and means before separating to seek their fortunes in the New World. But the oldest boy, whom we shall here call Wright, had so many and such magnificent plans that the other had opportunity to say but little. In fact he had no plans or castles in the air, being only concerned in finding immediate work and wages. Wright coming from a country where his class had no chance, was bewildered by the glittering possibilities of a republic. "You will see me in the American Senate yet," he said to his companion.

The lad made this point his goal, and based all his action morbidly on it, just as Hastings did on the possession of the estate of his ancestors. Politics, Wright perceived, was the shortest way up, clean or dirty; the newspaper was the quickest method of gaining knowledge of politics. He secured a situation in the office of a New York paper of unsavory notoriety.

The work was hard, the pay poor. He eked out his resources by jobbery; and, after several years, it was hinted, by black mail. The man was not without ability; he wrote one or two elaborate articles which are even yet remembered as the most brilliant of their kind. Literary men were scarcer then than now—a little talent made great hunt in the world. Wright became a lion for the time, was handed about from club to club, and dined at rich men's tables, until it was found he had laid his one golden egg. His succeeding articles were insipid and bombastic. Then he was left to die alone, and to swill cheap wine and bad whisky at the grog-shops. He had acquired the taste for both. But the Senate was still before him. He turned ward politician, sank by degrees into the vilest depths of trickery and bribery. He had not been a bad man in the beginning. There were flashes of fine instincts, tender, manly feeling about him yet. He ran for Governor and barely missed success; he lived by turns in the state-rooms of the best hotel and the slums behind the Bowery. He is dead now. After thirty-five years of useless struggle his body, diseased through exhaustion and rum, was laid in the grave, and his soul went—God knows where. Certainly it had been greatly deteriorated and tainted in those years.

In the meantime the younger man had made no mark in the world. He settled in a Western village, worked, enjoyed himself, made new friends day by day. He was an earnest, thorough fellow. He became a physician, and there was no more keen, patient practitioner in the State. He fell in love; never was there a more ardent lover. He brought up his children in the fear of God, with clean minds, good digestion, high, honorable aims. He is living still, a white haired, erect, clear-eyed old man, who is not known outside of his county, but has built a solid foundation under his feet for this world by fair dealing and love to his neighbor, and for the next by humble trust in an all-merciful God.

How to make a barrel of flour go a great way—send it to the starving Chinese.

VIOLET INK.—In 1871, 1872 and 1873, two young men (twin brothers), Frenchmen, were often met in different parts of France and England, dressed alike, and by closely watching them they were seen to enter counting houses, banks, insurance offices, green grocers, merchants, and stores and shops of every kind. They carried no luggage or large sample cases, like commercial travelers or drummers. These two young men were the celebrated brothers that made clear, in three years, between them, over £100,000 sterling, without one cent of capital to start with. In 1870 they made the discovery of a very rich violet writing ink. They put it up in bottles, and sold it for 2s., English currency. But they were very poor, and could not advertise or commission it, and they struggled hard, but could not get ahead. They walked from shop to shop every day, occasionally selling a bottle. One dark, bleak Saturday night, in the city of Paris, out of money, footsore, disheartened and hungry, they entered a cafe to trade a bottle of their violet ink (if they could) for their supper. The keen proprietor tested their great discovery and was amazed. He offered them five francs to teach him their secret, so that he could make his own ink and never have to buy any more. The brothers faltered. It was hunger on one side and parting with their secret on the other. They decided to accept the Frenchman's paltry five franc piece and make the violet ink in his presence. They then determined to sell that secret to all France and England. The five francs carried them over till Monday morning. From that day fortune never failed them. They each took a pint bottle of the violet ink in their pockets, and visited stores, banks, offices, and everywhere that ink is used or sold. They asked a moment's time of the storekeeper to show him their writing done with this ink. Then they told him he could make that ink for a trifle per gallon. He could sell it in his store or use it for his own business purposes. Five francs was their price to give the secret. They found hundreds of thousands ready to buy. Their fortune was made. Three years they worked selling this secret in this way. Very many days they made 500f. and 600f., and in England they were known to make even more than that sum in a single day. They retired in the fall of 1873 worth over half a million dollars, every dollar of which was made selling the secret for making their elegant violet ink.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A DOG'S KINDLY INSTINCTS.—At Woolwich Theatre during the performance of "Sesse Vere," in the third act, in which a terrific combat takes place between a mother and two assassins for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog that had managed to get into the pit along with his owner (an engineer of a steam ship), leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra and flew to the rescue, and seizing one of the ruffians dragged him to the floor. The dog was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. He had been accustomed to the company of children and had on many occasions evinced strong proofs of affection. The mimic life on the theatre stage had all the appearance of reality to the noble brute and he hastened to exhibit the promptings of his kindly instincts.

PIC-NICS will soon be ripe again.

THE DAYS OF THE FAMINE IN OLD IRELAND.—Sad days for old Ireland were those in the year of the "Great Famine." It was at that time the infamous "evictions" took place, carrying misery to many a hearth stone, and turning thousands out of their homes to die from want and exposure. This foul wrong is made the subject of a very interesting article in the April *Appleton*. We are told that "Few stories are more painful than the tale of these 'evictions.' The Irish tenant's home is passionately loved. Here his father lived before him; and every rock and bush has its sweet associations. All his little store of wordly goods, moreover, is gathered within these humble walls; for he does not hire his house all stocked, as the English and Scotch farmers do. Under such circumstances, the evictions became acts of the utmost cruelty and brutality. The sheriffs who accompanied the landlords' agents protested that no execution was ever so trying to their feelings as the leveling of these wretched houses.

"The fiercest wrath of nature, even, could not stay the dreadful ruin. In hail and thunder, rain and snow, the gangs pushed on the work of destruction; the aged and bedridden, the nursing babe, were driven forth into the angry night to wander without shelter or food, until God, in some unforeseen way, perhaps by death, should have mercy on their misery. The story of these evictions makes the blood curdle and boil by turns, and forces one to look with horror upon the capabilities of human nature. For ten years the work went on; night and day, summer and winter, the 'Crowbar Brigade' scoured the country. Hand work was too slow, and a machine was invented which would fasten upon the doomed house and bring it down in instantaneous ruin. The wretched victims lingered about the sacred places till driven away by starvation, or the more cruel blows of their masters. Such landed proprietors as did not embark in this horrible scheme yet forbade their tenants to receive any of the fugitives, as none wished the burden of paupers. Such peasants as had the means emigrated to America, and some landlords, indeed, paid the passage of those whom they turned adrift. But vast multitudes died in the swamps, the mountains, and by the road-side, or found a little longer way to the grave through the workhouse."

THERE are two animated barometers in Sacramento, Cal., that have proved trustworthy, even where artificial instruments have failed. One of them is a catfish, which is kept in a water trough. No matter how clear the weather may be, this fish always, before a storm, makes it a point to swim about with his head below the water and his tail above. When the rain begins to fall he goes out of sight until the weather changes. The other is a couple of frogs under the floor of the police office, which have never yet been seen by any of the officers, but who presage a storm several hours in advance of the barometrical indications, by a series of peculiarly discordant croaks. No matter how clear and bright the night, the police officers then make it a point to prepare for a storm, and the warning has never proved in vain.

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening in many choirs would be: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers."

NAUGHTY, BUT NICE.

She stood beside my high-backed chair,
Her curls against my face,
And turning round to see me fair—
My very thoughts to trace—
She put her dimpled hand in mine,
To hide it in a trice,
And blushing just a little said:
"I really think you're nice."

Such words a heart of ice would touch,
And melt away in bliss;
In fact, I think I said as much,
And hinted at a kiss.
The winsome maid began to pout—
'Tis seem a trifle said—
"That's very naughty, sir," she said,
"And now I think you're bad."

I told her, while I clasped her waist,
Where long dark tresses curled,
I would not have her love displaced,
No, not for all the world;
And kiss without her sweet consent,
I never, never would—
"I'll tell you when you may," she said,
"And now I think you're good."

She stood beside my high-back chair,
Her curls against my face,
And turning round to see me fair—
My very thoughts to trace—
I took her dimpled hands in mine,
Like cunning little mice,
And kissed her—when the maiden said:
"It's naughty, but it's nice!"

IF I HAD A DAUGHTER.

If I had a daughter, and she had a beau,
I would be happy if that beau would know
That a visit every night, from seven to eleven,
Is enough to make me wish that her beau was in heaven.

If I had a daughter, and she had a beau,
And he didn't know at what time to go,
I'd write on a card and lay on his shoulder,
Notifying him that he would soon see a boulder.

If I had a daughter, and she didn't know
'Twas a waste of time and money to have such a beau,
I'd hire a teacher to teach her the lesson,
That to fool with such a fellow is not a great blessing.

THE OLD MAN.

CREGOL'S CAVE.

About fifty years ago, a great portion of the South and West was but a wilderness. Even in those States that were more or less populated, there were sections of the country where there could not be seen any signs of habitation. Away down in Mississippi there was a scope of country, about one hundred miles across, consisting of a swampy, wild and desolate country, then known as the Tuckapaw country, in which there was no settlement, and across which was a regular road of travel. Now, in these old times, there was a great amount of traffic and trade between New Orleans and the lower Mississippi, and all the upper country mule traders from Kentucky and Illinois would drive mules and horses and return by land.

Flatboats by the hundred, from the upper country, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, could be seen descending the Mississippi, laden with the most valuable produce the country could afford. The merry boatman made the forest resound with his song and revelry. When they landed at New Orleans, and disposed of their valuable cargo, they would buy a plug, or a mule, or a "mustang," on which they would take their homeward course, sometimes in squads of two to six.

About half way across the wilderness road, a man by the name of Cregol had located, and built a house for the purpose of a stopping place for travelers. This place was known to every Southern trader, and with Cregol they had to stop, and were glad to share his hospitality.

In the course of time this country became settled. Old Cregol had become immensely rich; he was growing old, but he was hale and stout. Not far from the house was a cave in the hillside, which had never been explored. In fact, no one had ever entered its mouth, as far as was known.

Now this cave became an item of interest. The dogs for miles around would collect at its entrance and create the most hideous sound by their unearthly howling. Night and day would these poor creatures keep up this mournful song. Every man, woman and child for miles around would come to see this sad, sad sight. But it was noticed that old Cregol did not go to see the thing.

And why did not Cregol go? His neighbors insisted that he should go. No sooner did he come in sight than the dogs, at one accord, which had hitherto been perfectly submissive, molesting no one, and any one could go among them, and they would only howl with teeth grinning and bristles up, rushed at him as if they would tear him to shreds, and would not let him come near. At length it was resolved to explore the cave, and upon a set day the neighbors met for that purpose. With torches in hand, they groped their way a short distance on their hands and knees, until they entered what appeared to be a large chamber. They rose to their feet, and, with torches lifted high, began to peer through the darkness.

The first object they saw was a long blue coat hanging against the wall of the cave. This coat was of the old French style, made of blue cloth, with brass buttons. Upon passing further on, scores and scores of skeletons were seen, scattered in every direction. Human skeletons, with clothing of every description hanging to them, which the wolves had torn to pieces. Among the party of explorers was a young doctor, who lived in the neighborhood. As soon as the party emerged from the cave, the dogs apparently satisfied, ceased their howling and dispersed. That night a negro came for the young doctor. The dogs had collected at old Cregol's and commenced their howls. Cregol was seized with spasms, and the negro rushed for the doctor.

The next morning, while the doctor was sitting by Cregol's bed, who was in a deep stupor, the door suddenly flew open, and a tall man, with dark complexion, wearing the identical coat which the doctor had seen in the cave the day before, entered and passed noiselessly through the room. Poor Cregol, when the man entered, rose up quickly in bed and gazed with a wild and maniacal stare at him until he passed out of sight, and then fell back—dead. He had murdered these men for their money—and that is how he got his wealth.

MANY mothers are either obliged to stay away from church and theatre, or take their babies with them. A poor woman took her little one in her arms to hear a famous preacher. The loud voice from the platform awoke the child and made it cry, and its mother got up and was leaving the hall, when the minister stopped her by saying: "My good woman, don't go away. The baby doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that, sir, I leave," she replied, with a perfect unconsciousness of sarcasm; "it's you disturb the baby."

THE NINTH WONDER.

A HARRISBURG YOUTH FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE CONSTRUCTS A WONDERFUL MECHANICAL CLOCK.

[Harrisburg Independent.]

William A. Boyden, jr., son of W. A. Boyden, Superintendent of the American Railway, recently of this city, but now doing business under the Astor House, New York city, resides with his parents on Buttonwood avenue, near the corner of Liberty street, and opposite the Colton mill. The young man has displayed remarkable mechanical ingenuity ever since he was quite a little boy; and, although he has never seen the wonderful clock which cost Stephen D. Engle, the practical clock maker of Hazleton, twenty years of brain work and three years of steady labor to perfect, and bring before an admiring public, by carefully reading the circular containing a full description of the clock young Boyden caught the idea at once, and set himself diligently to work, and in an attic of the residence of his parents, with a few simple tools, has nearly perfected, in a few short months, the "Ninth Wonder," as the ingenious and perserving youth styles it. Following is a decription of the clock which Master Boyden expects to have finished and on exhibition within a month or six weeks:

He has planed and constructed a box, or case, (with on assistance, advice or plan whatever from any one,) three feet eight inches in height, divided into three sections. The first contains a moving panorama, the second the figures of old Father Time and Death, both perfect *fac similes* of the ones on Engle's clock. The third, or upper section, has the figure of Christ, who appears at the central door, which opens as a chime of bells announces the Savior's approach; then the Apostles appear and pass slowly in front of Christ, turning their faces toward their Lord; the Savior nods and gives them His blessing; then the disciples turn round and disappear through the door on the left hand side. While Peter is passing Christ he turns his back, and at this action the cock flaps his wings three times and crows. Satan, with keen eyes, looks from an upper window on the right hand side with *devilish* satisfaction. During the Apostolic procession the figure of Justice raises her scales. The Marys watch the scene from another point. The chimes are again struck and Justice lowers the scales, when Christ and the three Marys disappear.

The top or apex of the case represents the ramparts of a fort, inside of which moves the figure of a Roman sentinel, who regularly and slowly moves from point to point, as if on constant duty. The second section has also the works of a clock, keeping correct time. The case is ornamented with numerous devices, and is painted in imitation of walnut, mounted with gilt moulding.

The youthful inventor and ingenious mechanic is steadily at work finishing his "Ninth Wonder"—and it is certainly a very remarkable piece of mechanism—with a view of exhibiting it in order to raise means to build another and larger one, which, he says, may even *eclipse* the Engle clock that is destined ere long to astonish the world at the Paris exposition. The young inventor says he has a plan of his own that Engle never dreamed of and he is bound to perfect it.

GERMAN WIVES.—The culinary art forms a part of the education of the women in Germany. The well to-do tradesman, like the mechanic takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl on leaving school, which she does when about 14 years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be termed the post of servant, or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship in domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this—she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal palace.—There is a reigning Queen in Germany at the present time who was educated in this way. Consequently the women of Germany are perfect models of economy.

While this system may not be advisable here, it certainly points out the necessity of something that shall supply its lack in this country, by which our girls may be learned and skilled in household affairs. The whole family ought to work together to make the household a complete home in all its appointments, in which our girls should be schooled.

A NIAGARA INCIDENT.—In the summer of 1818 three men living about three miles above the Falls saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize, they started for him in a large, substantial log canoe, or "dug-out." When they overtook him he seemed quite obliged for their kind attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently belabored him with their paddles. As he came in on one side, two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe, facing him. As the noise of the rapids and roar of the falls reminded him that they were ominously near, Fisher resolved to take advantage of the truce and pull vigorously for the shore. But when he began to paddle the bear began to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with an ominous grin. Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The men who had swam ashore soon reappeared, however, in another canoe, with a loaded musket, with which they shot the bear and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

IN the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry written on any subject."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 12, 1878.

CATCHING wild pigeons with nets is an immense business in Forest county, and at least five hundred persons are engaged at it in one township, most of them clearing ten dollars a day. It is stated that on one day last week three and a half tons of pigeons were sent over the river division of the Allegheny Valley railroad, consigned to dealers in game in New York city.

IT was a very cool and refreshing display of impudence in the Greenback or National party of the Twenty-second Congressional district (Pittsburgh) to tender last week to James P. Barr, editor of the Pittsburgh *Post*, a nomination for Congress, provided he would subscribe to its platform and promise, if elected, to renounce his allegiance to the Democratic party. In a well written reply, Col. Barr declined the proffered honor, and undertook to convince the Nationals of the folly of their organization —that the proper thing for them to do would be to disband, and seek shelter in the Democratic household, in which he, as editor of the *Post*, had advocated many of their leading measures for years before the National party was ever dreamed of. Mahomet must come to the mountain instead of the mountain going to Mahomet.

WHAT a glorious spectacle it is to a citizen of this model Republic, the first President whereof was George Washington, to see a man of the bad eminence of J. Madison Wells, who is now at the national capitol, visiting the White House and importuning Mr. Hayes to appoint his partner in crime, Thomas C. Anderson, who has been pronounced guilty of forgery *in fact*, but not *in law*, collector of the port of New Orleans? Such a thing could only happen in a country in which Bob Ingersoll is liberally paid for preaching infidelity and John J. Patterson is tolerated in the U. S. Senate. It may be that Mr. Hayes, for good and substantial reasons, feels himself constrained to listen to his evil counsels, but that Wells should ever be permitted to cross the threshold of the executive mansion on such a mission, and come out of it as sound in body as when he entered, is enough to cause a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of every honest man.

IT used to be said that the meanest act of which a man could be guilty was to steal the coppers from the eyes of a dead negro, and although Francis W. Engle, a baggage master on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, has not exactly distinguished himself in that way, he has done the next meanest thing to it. He attended the recent execution of the three Mollie Maguires at Bloomsburg, Columbia county, and while assisting to cut down their dead bodies his eye rested upon a gold ring on the finger of Pat. Hester, one of the men executed, whereupon he deliberately, but not unseen, appropriated it to his own use. The ring had been bequeathed by Hester to his daughter, and its sudden disappearance created, as was to be expected, a strong feeling of indignation among Hester's friends. A few days afterwards Engle was arrested for the larceny on the oath of Mrs. Hester, and entered bail for his appearance at Court.

AS THE CHAMPION DEMAGOGUE of Congress, Ben Butler is entitled to wear the belt. On Friday last, after the Democrats had removed DoorKeeper Polk for the offense of having appointed more subordinates than the law allowed him to do, Butler jumped to his feet and nominated General Shields for the vacant position. Gen. Shields was not then in Washington, and of course Butler used his name without authority. The Democrats, however, were not to be entrapped by Ben's little game, and the election was postponed until Monday. Butler's brazen hypocrisy in this matter is most amazing from the fact that a few years ago, when General Shields was elected to Congress by an overwhelming majority from one of the Missouri districts, this same Butler led the radicals in the House in sustaining the report of the committee on elections in throwing out the entire vote cast for General Shields in two counties, and awarding his seat to his opponent. Such was Ben Butler's treatment then of an old Democratic soldier whose friend he now professes to be when he thinks he can make political capital out of it. Hypocrisy, thy name is Butler!

THE proceedings of the House at Harrisburg, on Friday last, clearly demonstrated that the members of that branch of the Legislature are determined to insult the people by continuing the session *fifty* days from yesterday, thus putting in their pockets *five hundred* dollars in addition to the $1,000 allowed them for the first one hundred days. It has been the uniform practice to adjourn over from Friday at noon until the following Monday evening, and when a resolution was offered to hold sessions on Friday afternoon for the purpose of bringing the session to a close as soon as possible, a scene of the utmost confusion and excitement followed. All Babel seemed to have been let loose, and so great was the tumult that the Speaker, powerless to preserve order, was compelled to call the Sergeant-at-Arms to the bar of the House and direct him to see that its dignity and decorum were preserved. In such a struggle of course the adjournment ring was triumphant, and it was decided that the old custom should be adhered to during the present month. When legislators will so far forget the contract into which they entered with their constituents when they were elected as to devote only three days, or, at the utmost, three and a half, out of six to the business confided to them, a session of one hundred and fifty days is the legitimate result. Of the present House it may be literally affirmed that nothing in its life will so become it so well as its final adjournment.

THE New York *World* is waging a vigorous and well-directed warfare against the present Tammany Hall management of the affairs of that city. The complaint of the *World* is that the city is cursed with a multiplicity of office-holders, many of whom have little to do—that others are absolutely useless, and that those who are really necessary are paid most exorbitant salaries in proportion to the magnitude of the work they are required to perform. These are grievances which exist in all the great cities and large towns of the country, each one of which has its well organized rings, whose sole purpose seems to be to rob and plunder the people. The city of New York has acquired conspicuous infamy of late years growing out of the rapacity and corruption of some of its most prominent officials, but the same system of fraud and mismanagement which for years held undisputed sway in nearly every department of her government, exists, though in less degrees, in Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere. There are few cities to-day in this country that are not on the verge of bankruptcy, having been brought to that condition by the reckless extravagance and official delinquencies of those who are entrusted with the management of their affairs. The Tammany Hall organization is a political anomaly, and the Democratic party in New York city is ruled by it with an iron hand. It regards its endorsement of a candidate for office as a condition precedent to his election, and strikes down every Democratic aspirant who refuses to worship at its altar. It would be strange indeed if its remorseless rule did not produce open rebellion in the Democratic ranks. At the election last November a portion of the Democracy in one of the strongest districts in the city bolted its candidate for State Senator, and with the aid of Republican votes elected John Morrissey. That game promises to be repeated on a very extensive scale at the next election, and the *World* proposes to save the Democracy of the city from threatened defeat by reforming the ways of the Tammany Hall leaders—reducing the number of office-holders—abolishing sinecures—cutting down extravagant salaries, and making every official earn his pay. It is a praiseworthy object, and we have no doubt that the *World*, in the course it has marked out for itself and is steadily pursuing, will be sustained by the plundered taxpayers of the city.

AFTER it had been definitely ascertained that Francis W. Hughes would not accept the nomination for Governor from the Greenback State convention, we supposed that the next most available candidate would have been Samuel Calvin, of Hollidaysburg, who is conceded to be a gentleman of ability and most unexceptionable character. There would be a peculiar fitness in his nomination for the reason, to use the political slang of the day, that what *he* don't know about greenbacks and their virtues as a currency for the people isn't worth trying to find out or knowing at all. Mr. Calvin, however, like his friend and co-laborer in the Greenback cause, Frank Hughes, declines to permit his name to be used in connection with the nomination. We get this information from the proceedings of the county committee of the Greenback party of Blair county, which recently met at Hollidaysburg and urged the nomination of J. R. Mason, of Mercer, as its choice for Governor. The committee, while regretting that Mr. Calvin will not allow it to present his name for Governor, earnestly implores him to consent to become the National candidate for Congress in this district. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Calvin will agree to be offered up as a sacrifice upon the greenback altar in a district in which the vote on the State ticket at the election last November stood as follows: Democratic, 9,859; Republican, 9,044; Greenback, 2,125. This certainly does not present a very inviting field for a greenbacker who is ambitious of occupying a seat in Congress and kneeling at the feet of the greenback Gamaliel, General Tom Ewing, of Ohio. It is a mere matter of taste, however, and Mr. Calvin may yield to the solicitations of his greenback friends thro' motives of pure patriotism.

ON Monday last, in the lower branch of Congress, Mr. Clark, of Missouri, introduced a bill, for present consideration, authorizing the President to appoint General Shields a Brigadier General of the United States army on the retired list, his pay to commence from the date of the passage of the bill. That eminent statesman, Harry White, objected to its introduction, but was overruled by the Speaker, and the bill passed by a vote of 228 yeas to 6 nays, among the latter being of course the windy White. This prompt action of the House was doing substantial justice to the veteran and gallant Shields, and was infinitely more creditable than electing him to the subordinate position of Doorkeeper, as was proposed by Ben Butler and advocated by Republican members, merely for the sake of making a very small amount of political capital.

THERE is reason to hope that the questions in dispute between England and Russia, growing out of the terms of the treaty of peace between the latter country and Turkey, may yet be settled without war. The belief that peace may be preserved rests solely on the expectation that Russia will finally consent to submit to the other great European powers not only the entire treaty, but that she will also yield to England's and Austria's essential objections to it. On such a slender thread now hangs the peace of Europe, but whatever may be the final issue, England is still busy at work making the most extensive preparations for war.

HENRY GROEMER, who resided near Parker City, went to the woods (not he of the Altoona *Mirror*), on Thursday last, and stripping the bark off a sapling which hung over a ravine down to the centre, twisted it into a rope without detaching it from the tree, tied the end about his neck, and mounting a pile of logs jumped into the gulch.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1878.

IN THE SENATE.

A petition favoring the enfranchisement of women in the District of Columbia was presented by the only advocate of the female suffragist in the Senate, Mr. Dorsey. A number of petitions and memorials upon different subjects, such as the tariff, life saving service, etc., were presented and referred to the proper committees. The Committee on Rail Roads reported a bill extending the time for completing the Northern Pacific R. R. eight years longer. A bill levying a tax, through the instrumentality of the Moffett bell punch, in the District of Columbia, was offered by Mr. Ingalls. The Pacific R. R. funding bill discussion was again resumed, and speeches by Messrs. Peck and Christiancy were delivered favoring the bill introduced by the Judiciary Committee. The resolution transferring the records of the late Electoral Commission on the last Presidential count to the vaults of the State Department for safe keeping was agreed to, when the Senate again resumed the Pacific R. R funding bill, Mr. Morrill speaking in favor of the bill reported from the Judiciary Committee. The construction of a dry dock at Fort McHenry, Md., as reported from the Secretary of War, was presented and placed before the Senate, when the discussion of the inevitable Pacific R. R. funding bill again underwent ventilation. A resolution appointing a select committee to take into consideration the necessity for the taking of the tenth census of the United States was adopted. Mr. Matthews urged the adoption of the Rail Road Committee's bill in preference to that of the Judiciary Committee in relation to the funding bill of the Pacific R. R., when, after remarks from Messrs. Thurman and others, the Senate adjourned without coming to a vote on the question.

IN THE HOUSE.

A bill affording relief to the finances of the country, as well as facilitating specie resumption in a manner least calculated to disturb the commercial business of the country, was offered by Mr. Stephens, of Ga. A bill providing for a more efficient civil service in our government was presented by Mr. Harrison, after which the House held an evening session solely for debate, at which Mr. Butler gave notice of his intention to offer a resolution requiring the Bank and Currency Committee to report a bill for the reissuing of the 50 and 25 cent fractional currency, and the withdrawal of silver pieces of the same denomination, as well as to issue legal tender one, two and three dollar notes to the amount of $20,000,000, to be paid out for the expenses of the government. Mr. Sayler presented a bill preventing default of interest on the District of Columbia 3-65 bonds. The bill allowing those in charge of the Washington monument to expend $36,000, to better secure the foundation thereof, was passed. The report of the committee in charge of Doorkeeper Polk's case was then called up, Mr. Harrison advocating the majority report, declaring the position vacant, when, upon a vote of 122 yeas to 115 nays, the majority report was adopted and the duties of the Doorkeeper are now devolved upon the Sergeant-at-Arms, until the election of a Doorkeeper in the place of Mr. Polk, retired. Mr. Butler introduced his bill, above referred to, in relation to fractional currency, and the House adjourned.

THE BLAIR RESOLUTION,

passed by the Maryland Legislature, calling upon Congress to institute proceedings in the U. S. Supreme Court to oust Mr. Hayes and place Mr. Tilden in the White House, has kept our city all agog during the past week. Mr. Blair seems very hopeful that his efforts will triumph within the next sixty days, claiming to have the assistance of Congressman Hewitt, of N. Y., and that everything is moving smoothly along to the accomplishment of the object in view. The subject has been pretty well ventilated, both pro and con, by Republicans and Democrats, and the result of our interviews among the solons at the capitol has been that such Democrats as Thurman, Bayard and Ketuan pooh! pooh! the Maryland resolution, while Mr. Blair insists that these very gentlemen will ere long be its most ardent supporters. The *legal* aspect of the case compels us to state, for the enlightenment of your readers, that the Supreme Court has under the constitution no original jurisdiction in the case, no matter how many acts giving them such jurisdiction Congress may see fit to pass. Congress itself having no constitutional right to pass such an act, *original* jurisdiction can only be conferred upon the Supreme Court by an amendment to the Constitution, which requires the approval of a majority of the present number of States. On the other hand, the matter *can* be brought before the Supreme Court in this way and no other, to wit: Proceedings *quo warranto* (which means by what authority do you hold the office) to be originated in our District of Columbia Supreme Court, a hearing speedily given, and a decision rendered either for or against Mr. Hayes; then an immediate appeal taken to the U. S. Supreme Court, with an immediate hearing there, upon what the Constitution allows the U. S. Supreme Court—to wit: an appellate jurisdiction—with a decision by said U. S. Supreme Court, ousting Mr. Hayes, and awarding the White House to Mr. Tilden, or not, as your readers must conjecture for themselves. This, without going into details, is the sum and substance of the manner in which Mr. Blair's object can be accomplished.

EX-SECRETARY ROBESON

was before the House committee, twisting and squirming as the searching questions put by the investigating committee caused him ever and anon to wince. Of course the Gran(d)t Radical swore hard to relieve himself of any wrong-doing on his part, or that of his associates in the many contracts he gave out only the day before he vacated the Navy Department.

THE LOBBY,

whose conduct of late has become so open and brazen as to be utterly indecent and overbearing, caused Senate Edmunds, in open Senate, to deliver them the most severe and deserved castigation, in the presence of Jay Gould and many other satellites, that perhaps was ever visited upon them, which will evidently teach them to use more discretion hereafter in their nefarious purposes; but then these are the days of radical rule, and one must not be surprised at their many rascalities. We can expect no better until our Democratic friends take charge of the old ship of State.

ANDERSON.

—A young woman in Illinois, having noticed on a dead letter that was returned to her the remarkable signature of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. A. D. Hazen, wrote to "Mr. Adstazen, at the Dead Letter Office," to say that she and her sister "would like to find some Good Christian man to marry. I thought," the letter goes on, "perhaps you would Get A couple Of Good Christian young men to correspond with us. Pleas excuse me for writing this to You, but I felt more Acquainted with you than others Liveing far off. Being tired of living A Single life, we now wish to settle down."

—Thirty eight of the forty six officials of Dubuque, Iowa, city and county, are Irishmen.

DETECTED BY A SEAL RING.—Last night, says the Dallas *Herald* of a recent date, the Sheriff of Dodge county, Neb., passed up the Texas Central road, having in charge a man named Marcus Withersau, accused of murder. Withersau was paying court to a young lady named Bradley, who resided in the town of Fremont, Neb., and was engaged to be married to her when a stranger named Joel Lauridge came to the town. Lauridge succeeded in a short time in claiming a good part of the young lady's attention. This greatly displeased Withersau, who is of a very jealous temperament, and he was not slow in giving his apparent rival many evidences of his ill-will, openly insulting him whenever an opportunity was afforded.

Yet young Lauridge, being received with favor by the young lady, continued to visit her. The engagement between Withersau and his affianced was unbroken, however, and the wedding day had been fixed upon.

One evening Withersau, while on his way to the town to visit his affianced, met her in company with Lauridge out riding, and, seized by a fit of jealousy, he galloped up to them and shot Lauridge, killing him almost instantly. He fled the country, and it was thought that he had gone back to Canada, where he had formerly lived. He wore on his hand a seal ring of the young lady, which was mounted by a gold cross, and it was this that led to his capture. A young man named Swazey, a cousin of Miss Bradley, had enlisted in the United States army, and was ordered along with his company to Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande. He had never seen Withersau, but had frequently heard his cousin describe the ring belonging to her which Withersau wore when he killed Lauridge. One day he saw a strange man at the fort wearing the identical ring, but on inquiring the stranger's name he gave it as Bill Poindexter. The soldier wrote to the authorities of Fremont, giving a description of the man and ring, and the Sheriff, being satisfied that the wearer of the ring was Withersau, came after and captured him.

RAILROAD COLLISION, FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Friday morning an oil train ran into a freight train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Slatington, exploding the engine of the oil train and burning several cars and a small iron bridge on which the cars were standing. Soon afterwards an iron tank exploded, scattering oil in all directions, killing one man, burning three fatally and ten severely. The wind carried the flames to the depot and a wooden bridge, which were also burned. The names of the killed and injured are as follows: Wm. Shoemaker, killed; Daniel Reber, Edward Seibert, Geo. Ives, Jno. Kehner, Aaron Snyder, Wm. Kayn, Jos. Goldberry, Jno. Rohrbach, David Hughes, Samuel Marshall and Arthur Williams, burned and wounded. Four or five of the injured are not expected to recover. Two other oil tanks subsequently exploded. The Mauch Chunk fire department worked hard to save property.

The jar threw several cars from the track, and precipitated some fifteen oil tanks into Trout creek. The tanks caught fire, and illuminated the neighborhood for miles around, and had it not been for the presence of mind of Chas. Ruth, of Reading, who suggested that the cars of the rear portion of the train be uncoupled and pushed back one by one, the entire train would have been destroyed. The machine shops and foundry of Brown & Williams are a total loss, estimated at $30,000. No insurance. A portion of the engine from the explosion was thrown through the roof of a house occupied by Jacob Hammel, situated about one hundred yards from the explosion, striking near a bed occupied by Hammel and wife. They were not injured. Several buildings were shattered and glass broken. Portions of the engine and cars were thrown over thirty yards.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.—The Omaha (Neb.) *Republican* of a recent date says: "Bernard Volk is a well-to-to farmer, living in Addison county, Iowa. He is a native of Germany and is twenty-five years of age. He visited Omaha on Tuesday a single man, with no intention of committing matrimony, and before night he was married to a young lady whom he had never before seen. It happened in this wise: He imbibed quite freely of liquor, and in this happy condition he made up his mind to hunt up a wife. In walking along Tenth street he saw a young girl washing in a room between Farnam street and No. 2 Engine-house, and, walking up to her as she was, he asked her if she was married, and, if not, would she marry him? She saw that he meant business, and, calling in the other women in the house, they made an immediate investigation into his ability to support a wife. He showed them that he had considerable ready cash with him, and a good farm in Iowa. She gave her consent, and, proceeding to the office of Hon. W. O. Bartholomew, County Judge, a license was obtained, and Bernard Volk and Annie Fisher were made man and wife. The bride was nineteen years of age, and was born in Sioux City, Iowa."

THE SAD ENDING OF A WAYWARD YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE.—Amelia Guilford, sixteen years old, whose disappearance from Lock Haven was noticed in the FREEMAN a couple of weeks ago, and whose mother wanted information of her, came to a sad end in a house of ill-fame on Virgin alley, in Edenburg, Clarion county, Amelia, it was known, had started for Edenburg, and as she bore a bad reputation in Lock Haven it is fair to presume that her family knew for what purpose she went to Edenburg. She died about four o'clock on Friday morning. The young girl had an overwhelming passion for liquor, it being said that she could drink as much as a pint of whisky at one time. This fault, morphia and other drugs which dissolute women use, combined with the awful life she had been leading, did the business for her.—The immediate cause of her death, however, is supposed to have been an overdose of sulphate of morphia, a bottle of which was found in her bed. Before she died she expressed a desire to see her mother. The body of the poor girl was sent home on Friday evening, in answer to a telegram from her mother.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR CHINESE BABIES.—The Boston *Journal* of Saturday prints this queer story: A current note in Tuesday's *Journal* contained a query concerning the use made of the millions of old postage stamps which are collected. A correspondent is prompted by the question to inform the public of a practice which prevails in convents and other Catholic institutions in this country, and is almost unknown to those outside their walls. All canceled stamps are saved and sent to missionaries of the faith in China, who buy with those worthless scraps of paper infants who would otherwise be destroyed in accordance with the custom of the more degraded Chinese. The many-colored stamps are used for the decoration of walls, etc., by the ingenious Orientials, and are valued so highly that one hundred of them will buy a baby whose parents have doomed it to death. The little ones thus purchased are gathered into asylums, and reared in accordance with the laws and customs of Christian civilization.

—At Emporia, Kansas, on Wednesday morning of this week Rev. A. J. Shanlon, a Congregational minister, was accidentally killed by the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of a militia man.

News and Other Notings.

—A Morristown, N. J., hen has achieved fame by hatching a three headed chicken.

—A Waterford, Me., man makes two hundred cords of pine into buckets yearly.

—An Englishman named David Stanton recently won a wager on traveling a thousand miles in six days with a velocipede.

—Hunter, in jail at Camden, N. J., for murdering Armstrong, offered a turnkey $200 to poison Graham, the witness against him.

—A man in Sheffield, England, has been heavily fined for kissing the hand of a married woman. Served him right. She had a mouth.

—Clemens Lloyd killed his wife at Chester, Pa., on Friday, and afterward took his own life. Jealousy is alleged to have been the cause.

—Miss Mattie Frazure, of Somerset, Ky., was married the other day. She is not quite thirteen. Her present address is Mrs. L. A. Wilson.

—One of the building of the Steuben county poor house, near Bath, N. Y., was burned Sunday night and fifteen inmates perished. The building was set on fire by an insane pauper.

—Henry Campbell killed himself in Greene, N. Y., a few days ago, because he had been unsuccessful in his application for a pension, and saw no other alternative but the almshouse.

—Cephas Jones, colored, was sentenced on Saturday at Washington, D. C., to thirty years imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary for an outrageous assault upon Miss Florence P. Smith.

—The Sultan is evidently well posted. About the first thing he did on the occasion of ex-President Grant's recent visit at Constantinople was to make him a present of one of his best Arab horses.

—A negro born a slave, William N. Stevens, is one of the most highly esteemed members of the Virginia Senate. He worked his way through college, and is a graceful, fluent and logical speaker.

—Edward Malvin is alleged to have brutally murdered his wife while she was in confinement on Wednesday night, twelve miles from Gouldsboro' station. He was arrested and lodged in Stroudsburg jail on Friday last.

—There is a dog at Swift Falls, Minn., that keeps his master's family supplied with fish. He has been known to take out as many as thirty pickerel in a day. When he espies a fish he will make a dive and is sure to bring it out.

—Thirty frame houses in the lower part of Harrisburg, Pa., owned by the Lochiel Iron Company, were totally destroyed by fire on Saturday evening. Loss, $12,000. Insurance unknown. About one-half of the houses were unoccupied.

—A. B. Robeson has probably the largest poultry yards in the State of New York. He keeps 6,000 ducks, 4,000 turkeys, and 1,200 hens. They consume sixty bushels of corn, two barrels of potatoes, and other food daily. His fowl house cost $7,000.

—The Commissioners of Lehigh county have received information that will probably lead to the arrest and conviction of the murderers of a telegraph operator named McKinney, who mysteriously disappeared from Alburtis about nine years ago.

—Mlle. Volante, who was fatally shot on the Opera House stage at Pawtucket, R. I., died on Sunday evening. The real name of the girl was Lottie Maloy. She was twenty-three years old. Her sister was the only one of the family who knew she was on the stage.

—The oldest man now living, without doubt, is a citizen of New Grenada, South America. He is one hundred and eighty years old, never was intoxicated, never eats more than one meal a day, and, more wonderful than all, never was Gen. Washington's body servant.

—Parts of the body of a woman who had suddenly disappeared from her home at Apollo, Armstrong county, about a year ago, under mysterious circumstances, were found by some boys while fishing in the Kiskiminitis river the other day. It is believed she was murdered.

—About five o'clock Saturday evening a fifty horse power boiler in the engine room of the Boston stamping manufactory of Seavey & Co., Third street, Cambridge, Mass., exploded. Three men were killed, another was fatally injured, and six others more or less severely wounded.

—As a freight train was passing around the foot of Lookout Mountain in Chattanooga, one of the brakemen discovered a tramp in a car load of mules. The tramp was astride one of the animals, and was asked what he was doing there. "Driving mules to Chattanooga," was the laconic response, as he yelled out "whoa" to the animal.

—Two young men, twins, of Hart county, Ga., worked out their father's debts, in compliance with his death-bed request. They were thirteen years of age when they began, and attained their majority before finishing. Although frequently told that they were neither legally nor morally bound to do so, they persisted until the last cent was paid.

—The body of George Richards, colored, who has been missing since March 2, and for the murder of whom John Redheffer, a white, is now under arrest at Pottstown, Pa., has been found in a creek near Shannonville. Richards was last seen on March 2 in company with Redheffer, whose contradictory statements in regard to their parting led to his arrest.

—The Michigan lumber crop is likely to be a light one this year. The cut of logs which are banked on the rivers ready to drift to the lake is 300,000,000 feet less this year than in 1877. The season has been very unfavorable for getting the logs out of the woods. This news will give some encouragement to the prostrate lumber interest in Central Pennsylvania.

—The Roman adage, that "Cardinals always die in threes," has been again forcibly illustrated, the death of Cardinal Guiseppe Berardi, announced by cable, being that of the third Prince of the Church since the accession of Pope Leo XIII, on the 20th of February. Cardinal Brossais St. Mark died on the 27th of February and Cardinal Amet on the 30th ultimo.

—Seven of those who were injured by the oil explosion caused by the collision of trains at Slatington, in this State, on Friday, have died, namely: Wm. Shoemaker, John Koher, Irvine Beers, Daniel Reber, Arthur Williams, Irvine Clark and John Rohbach. Several are still in a critical condition. The bridge has been rebuilt, and trains run regularly. The loss of property amounts to about $70,000.

—The Earl of Leitrim, who was shot the other day by some of his exasperated tenants, was one of the largest land-holders in Ireland. He owned 56,184 acres in Donegal, 18,203 in Galway, 53 in Kildare (property on which he was murdered) and 21,179 in Leitram, making in all 95,619 acres. Of the two Irish dukes, Fitz-Gerald, Duke of Leinster, owns 70,462 acres in Kildare and 1,119 in Meath, and Hamilton, Duke of Abercorn, 51,880 in Donegal and 15,910 in Tyrone.

—A Middletown (Conn.) game cock, accompanied by two of his family of hens, recently followed a line of corn which had been scattered on the road by a team loaded with corn on its way to the ferry boat, embarked aboard the boat, disembarked in Portland, whipped three Portland roosters, and returned to his home in Middletown, bringing his two hens triumphantly back with him. A Portland man wants to give ten dollars for that rooster, but he can't be bought.

—Mr. Hugus, member of the House from Westmoreland county, took out his pocket book to look at a paper, in the hall of the House, on Friday morning, and laid it on his desk while he read the paper. He turned to speak to his colleague, Mr. Donnelly, for a few moments, and during that time the pocket book was stolen from his desk. The pocket book contained about $130, and its mysterious disappearance cannot be accounted for.

—Owing to the rumors that the recent suicide of Madame Restell, the New York abortionist, was a ruse, the coroner had the body exhumed and identified beyond doubt. Since her death additional developments have been made of her career of crime. Detectives state that they are in possession of evidence showing that several women were put out of the way while under the madam's charge, and that finally she would have been brought to the gallows had not a carving-knife performed the work of death.

—Twenty-two years ago an apparently unfortunate young woman left a boy two years of age with Mr. John O'Kane, of Corning, N. Y., and then departed. No one from that day to this knows whence she came or whither she went. The boy grew to be a man under the name of John O'Kane. He traveled and wandered, and in the course of his travels accumulated a fortune. He is now sick with consumption and probably past cure or hope, and is anxious to know who and where his parents are, and also of other relatives. Any information will be thankfully received by the editor of the Allegany *Democrat*, Wellsville, N. Y. Exchanges please copy.

—The telephone has begun its pretty prattle in Persia. There are no railroads in the empire, but the wires of the Indo-European Telegraph Company run from end to end. Soon after tidings of Prof. Bell's invention were received in Tabreez, one of the officers, a Welshman, set to work to make the instrument, and so well did he succeed that he has conversed satisfactorily with another officer nearly four hundred miles away. The experiments were made in the middle of the night, when all was quiet and traffic had ceased, and his friend at Tiflis heard his voice and answered all his questions. They not only talked, but sang, the music being heard very distinctly.

—A sensation was produced in society circles of Baltimore, on Saturday, by the arrest of Mrs. Alice Aspold, of Annapolis, on a charge of stealing two diamond rings, valued at $1,200, from Canfield Bros. & Co., jewelers. The lady came from Annapolis Friday on the train, intending to join her father, William Taylor, of the Naval Academy. She entered Canfield's store and asked to be shown some diamond rings, but left without purchasing. Subsequently the clerk found two valuable rings missing from the tray, and their places supplied by two smaller ones of comparatively trifling value. Mrs. Aspold was arrested, and afterward released on $3,000. There is no proof yet that she took the rings.

—Early on Tuesday morning last a fisherman rowing down the river at Biddeford, Me., discovered the body of a woman near the shore, with no clothing save a chemise, and with a rope around one ankle. The body was taken in charge by the authorities. The greatest excitement prevailed all day in the city. Late in the afternoon a sister of Frederick Savage identified the woman as Rose Vincent, of Methuen, Mass., and gave a clue, which upon being followed up, led to the arrest of Savage. The same evening he confessed the crime. He is a Frenchman, married, and has children. When atked why he did it, he said: "Oh, I loved her too much." Next day the murderer had to be hurried off to prison to save him from being lynched.

—The discovery of the crimes of a man named Joseph W. Bugbee has, says the New York *Sun*, come like a thunder clap upon two cities—Boston and Indianapolis. Bugbee was connected with the large Boston firm of Holt & Bugbee, and was prominent in business and political circles in Indianapolis. He invested extensively in real estate, and becoming embarrassed, forged notes in order to obtain money. He kept up his criminal course for years, retiring one forged note with another, until concealment was no longer possible. Then, last Sunday, he called his wife, his father and mother, and a business associate to him, and confessed. His forgeries aggregate $132,000, and the exposure has been followed by the suspension of the Boston firm. Bugbee was a leading churchman, son-in-law of a minister, and an active member of the City Council.

—A special Pottsville dispatch to the Philadelphia *Record*, dated April 7th, says: An entrance was forced into the German Catholic church here last night by means of a chisel, and property to the value of six hundred dollars was stolen, viz: One golden ciborium, containing the blessed host for the communion, three chalices and golden plates on which the chalices stand. The blessed host was scattered all over the sanctuary. The thieves went into the basement, where school is held, after some of the money which is kept there, but did not succeed in getting it. The only clue to the perpetrators is the chisel they left. The case is being worked up by local detectives. One of the chalices was the private property of Father Longinus, the pastor, having been brought from Europe by Father Manus, of St. Clair, and presented to him. The other articles were the property of the congregation.

—A special from Washington says: The dispatch from the West announcing the flight of ex-Congressman Vance, of Ohio, with a woman not his wife and with large sums of money borrowed from others, does not surprise a few persons in Washington who have been aware of the fact that Mr. Vance has been wanted here during the past few days on a charge of crime alleged to have been committed while he was a member of the House and Chairman of the Committee on Printing. This was nothing more nor less than the theft of books, committed at various establishments in the District of Columbia, to which may be added another crime of an indictable character. Some of his friends here, loth to believe that he was guilty, have been endeavoring to get him to Washington to present his explanation and defense, and he promises to come, and left home saying he was coming here, but instead of that he fled to parts unknown.

—Henry H. Erb, of Lancaster, recently closed up his store and his house and withdrew with his family from all intercourse with the world. The neighbors became suspicious that something was wrong, as Erb's children could be heard crying bitterly, and Erb himself was not known to buy any food. Two officers effected an entrance into the premises by crawling through a back window. The house was found to be in a most wretched condition. All the furniture had been sold, there was no fire, and the three girls and two boys were crying with hunger and shivering in rags, while the mother crouched in a corner. Erb explained that a spirit had appeared to him and directed him and his family to fast for five days, at the end of which period a most wonderful event would occur in his house, at which the whole world would be present. He ordered his children not to accept the food offered them, and the mother, who seemed to be entirely under the influence of her husband, also refused to eat anything. The children were clothed and made to take nourishment, and the woman was at length roused from her apathy by some very vigorous talk.

RUPTURE WANTED.—I want every man or woman, in whose body the rupture cannot be held, to send me a three cent postage stamp and I will tell them what they are and how to get relief or a cure. I have applied trusses and treated ruptured people for over forty years, and have no hesitation whatever that I can give relief in every case when a cure is possible. I am certain that I can make it so. If those afflicted can make it convenient to call and see me it is always best, but if they cannot do this conveniently they should write to me. The fault in most cases of rupture is in improperly applied trusses. Every day's experience makes this more plain to me. I am sure that my experience justifies me in promising better terms and a more perfect retention of the rupture than was ever obtained anywhere else in the United States. Visits at a distance made when necessary. Address,

DR. KEYSER, 240 Penn Avenue, Opposite Christ's Church, Pittsburgh. (Cut this out for reference.) [3-13-4t.

ENJOY LIFE.—What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us her mountains, glens and streams, and thousands of means for enjoyment. But who does not desire no better when in perfect health? but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, worn out, aged and worried out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling. Any sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will do for them as free from disease as when in childhood. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint is the direct cause of seventy-five per cent. of the maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will relieve you of wonderful effect. Sample bottles 10 cents. Try it. For sale by Lemmon & Mullin, Ebensburg.

MR. E. K. THOMPSON, druggist, is rapidly increasing his business to the wall of proprietary medicines, which he has on hand and puts up at his laboratory in the rear. It is a pleasure to do business for Mr. Thompson, and we speak from an experience of thirteen years. He is now advertising a large number of newspapers, and we say to our brethren of the press, that the simple contract is certain to bring in the cash when the work is done.—Titusville Herald.

—An oh-nest hen is the noblest work of lay-men.

O. McCLINTOCK & CO.
A LARGE LINE OF EXTRA SUPER INGRAINS at 90c.
A LARGE LINE of TAPESTRY BRUSSELS at 75c.
A LARGE LINE of BODY BRUSSELS at $1.50.
CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS
33 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

UP! UP! UP!
IN THE NUMBER.
DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!
IN THE PRICE.
THE MODEL
GROCERY STORE OF ALTOONA
—HAS BEEN REMOVED—
From 1023 to 1024 ELEVENTH Ave.
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE FORMER LOCATION.
Where the undersigned may be found at all times fully supplied with a better variety of
FRESH GROCERIES
than has ever before been offered for sale in this city. Expenses having been reduced to a minimum, I am enabled to sell my goods at
LOWER PRICES THAN EVER
—in fact so low that I defy any man in the trade to undersell me.
☞ Thankful for past favors and solicit a continuance and increase of the same, and from my numerous friends in Cambria county respectfully invite everybody to give me a call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
P. F. CONNER.
April 12, 1878. Model Grocery, Altoona.

REAL ESTATE
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE
BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, I will offer at public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on
Saturday, April 27, 1878
At 2 o'clock, P. M., all that certain
PIECE or PARCEL of LAND
Situate in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the corner of lot of Mary Ann Evans, thence by same south 45 perches to a post, thence by lot of Mary Ann Evans west 80 perches to a post, thence by lot of Mary Ann Evans north 45 perches to a post, thence by lot of Mary Ann Evans and lot of Mary Ann Evans, bounded on the east by Mary Ann Evans, on the west by Spruce alley—containing 22½ acres and 80 Perches, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE and a two story FRAME HOUSE. To be sold as the property of Thomas Rodgers.
TERMS OF SALE.—One half the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residence in nine months thereafter, with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage of premises.
JOHN RYAN, Trustee.
Ebensburg, April 5, 1878.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of JOHN A. GALLAGHER, Administrator of LEONARD ORR, late of Susquehanna township, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 26th day of MAY next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment. All persons interested are required to present their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
WM. H. SECHLER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 5, 1878.—3t.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - APRIL 12, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HORSE STOLEN.—*Forty Dollars Reward.*—A valuable roan horse, aged about 8 years, was stolen last night (Thursday) from the stable of Michael Direling, in New Germany, Croyle township. The horse is of medium height, but has no distinguishing marks. The above reward will be paid for the horse and thief, or $25 for the horse alone.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Hollidaysburg has a rooster which is death on rats.

—The *avaunt couriers* of the marten tribe made their usual annual appearance in this locality on Wednesday last.

—A Johnstown man picked out and bargained for his coffin about three weeks ago, and on Tuesday last he died and was ready to fill it.

—A quantity of clothing, valued at $125, was stolen from the room of a boarder named Collins, at the Logan House, Altoona, a few days ago.

—John Knox has just removed from Hollidaysburg to Altoona, and of course his removal Knox a hole in the population of the former place.

—Beautiful Spring! how delightful to sing of the blessings and bounties thy coming doth bring! In the way of poetry, original, ain't that a big thing?

—"If I had to walk from here to Baltimore for it, I would not be without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family," is what a lady was heard to remark on a recent occasion.

—A young lady in Altoona, name not given, is said to have brought suit for breach of promise against a gay lothario of Ann Arbor, Mich., laying her damages at $20,000.

—The day is fine, and Adeline goes out with gorgeous trail; she views with smiles the new spring styles Miss Davis has for sale—at the residence of E. J. Humphreys, on Julian street, Ebensburg.

—You are wasting grain when you try to fatten hogs that have their intestines filled with worms. Foutz's Horse and Cattle Powders will destroy the worms and put the animal in a condition to fatten.

—It seems to be a fixed fact that the Bell's Gap narrow guage railroad is to be extended the coming summer from Lloydsville, its present terminus in this county, to Fiske, or Fallen Timber, in White township.

—The attentive and efficient member of the Legislature from this end of the county, Hon. Jas. J. Thomas, writes us to say that the new fee bill passed the House on Tuesday last by a vote of 138 for to 4 against.

—Our Elder township correspondent sends us a reply to the *Herald* man's very gentlemanly (?) response to his last letter, but as our columns are full up to overflowing, we are obliged to withhold it until next week.

—Look out for Dr. Hoffman at Carrolltown on Monday and Tuesday next. Tooth in to say that you can get along without his services if you have a tooth in that ought to be a tooth out. Meet him in Carrolltown.

—David Luke, of Altoona, had his left hand badly crushed, on Thursday evening last, while coupling an engine to a train in the Derry yard. David will probably Luke out more sharply for brakes and breakers in the future.

—If the *Herald* man tells the truth when he declares that we couldn't if we would injure his paper in the estimation of advertisers, the question naturally arises, what then, in the name of suffering humanity, is he growling about.

—George Huntley, the man who really can't keep still when it comes to making improvements, is once more at work remodeling his extensive hardware establishment and when he gets through we shall try to tell all about it.

—John Peters and John Reichter, Pa. R. freight brakemen, both met with a some finger-crushing experience in the Altoona yard, at an early hour on Tuesday morning last, while engaged in coupling cars attached to their respective trains.

—A great many remedies are advertised to bring them before the public, but the latter decides whether the article is good or bad. The good reputation which Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup enjoys is a standing guarantee of its merits. Price 25 cents.

—Wait on McLaughlins' wagon, now on the road, and encourage home industry by selling your wool to the Ebensburg Woolen Co., who are paying as high prices and far-ing better goods at lower rates than any other parties now perambulating the county.

—If any one wants to know, you know, whom we supported for delegates to the State convention at the recent meeting of the County Committee, they can find out, you know, by addressing us, enclosing postal card, in care of neighbor James, of the *Herald*.

—Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., of this place, has on hand a quantity of Baden's Prolific White Flour Corn, which produces from 5 to 12 full size ears to a *single stock*. Farmers should call, examine and secure some of it for seed. Mr. Oatman is agent for it in this county.

—This is the age of low prices, but nothing so wonderfully cheap as the new goods at A. A. Barker & Son's big stores in Ebensburg and Carrolltown has ever yet brought joy to the hearts of those who have many wants to supply and not much money to do it with.

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. Sold by all druggists.

—Having noticed several written statements of township accounts posted up in various localities, we are led to remark that the publication of said statements in one or more newspapers of the county is required by law, as we shall show by printing the act next week.

—Instrumental music was transmitted by telephone, on Wednesday morning last, from Wood, Morrell & Co.'s store, Johnstown, to the Woolen Mill in Woodvale, and vice *versa*, the tunes being distinctly heard at the respective terminis. The two points named are not less than one mile apart.

—The *Herald* man proposes to get another canine to bite our Elder township correspondent on the leg before he undertakes the task himself, the conclusion evidently reached by him being that if one dog escapes without serious consequences the other need have no fear trying the experiment.

—Mr. Miller Houser, assistant train despatcher at Altoona, dropped dead in his office, on last Saturday afternoon, from an attack of dropsy of the heart. The deceased, a rather corpulent man, was aged about 44 years, married and the father of six children. Verily, in the midst of life we are in death.

—Mr. Al. Ford, Pa. R. R. agent at Cresson, is the happy father of a four-year-old boy who can draw with a pencil or shape with a pair of scissors the outlines of any animal or other object furnished him to copy after. A prodigy in his way, surely, and the possessor of artistic talents well worthy of cultivation.

—A little son of Col. John Halfpenny, of Bellwood, Blair county, having been half "penny wise and pound foolish" enough to lay one of his hands on a railroad track the other day and allow a car to run over it, we are not surprised to learn from the *Standard* that all the fingers on that hand were severely injured.

—Ebensburg has a telephone at last. It is a home-made contrivance, gotten up by "Doc" Thompson and connects the post office with L. & S. W. Davis' livery stable. A heavy twine is used for the transmission of sounds from one extreme to the other, and the new fangled thing works like a charm—in dry weather.

—J. G. Lake, Esq., has thoroughly renovated and taken possession of the rooms recently occupied by Mr. Joseph Weisser, and now felicitates himself on having the neatest and coolest office in Colonnade Row. All seeking advice on legal matters or wishing to be interviewed on the Register and Recorder question are respectfully invited to call.

—A large woolen mill located in Southampton township, Bedford county, and owned by Mr. Leonard Tewall, was burned to the ground on Thursday night last. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, and as the loss is put down at $8,000, with an insurance of only $3,000, the proprietor Tewall appearances is out of pocket about $5,000.

—A bottle containing a solution of iron exploded with a loud report in the hands of a drug clerk named Aaron, in Hollidaysburg, on Saturday morning last, and a badly cut face was the result. As the stuff the bottle contained is non-explosive, the question propounded by Aaron to Moses, or any other man, is, what made the confounded thing "bust?"

—Goods of all kinds were probably never so cheap as they now are in the eastern cities—a fact which has prompted Messrs. Barker & Son to buy much larger stocks than usual, and induced the bringing to Ebensburg and Carrolltown of a much better class of dress goods and merchandise generally than has heretofore been offered for sale in northern Cambria.

—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* that while a number of boys were engaged on Thursday last in playing ball at Portage station, this county, a bat flew from the hands of one of the party and striking a five-year-old daughter of Mr. Herman Klinefuyer on the head, fractured her skull and caused death, after a great deal of suffering, on Monday morning of this week.

—The way to accumulate money is to save it, and the surest way to save it will be to buy all the dry goods, groceries, etc., you need at the cheap cash store to be opened in Loretto next week by M. J. Teitelbaum, who pledges himself to sell everything in his line at the very lowest living prices. Don't forget to call at the new store and see the new stock before purchasing elsewhere.

—A large lot of lumber, principally hemlock, belonging to the estate of Thomas J. Lloyd, dec'd, the greater portion of which is piled up near the railroad station in this place, the balance being at Raylor's station and in Barr township, was disposed of at public sale, Tuesday afternoon, the amount realized being something less than $1,400. Our townsman, Mr. Thos. Griffith, bought the most of it, and bought it by the pile.

—Mr. S. J. Humphreys left our town on Wednesday morning last for Delphos, Ohio, and will probably extend his visit to Chicago, in hopes of striking the tide in the affairs of all men which is supposed to lead on to fortune—that is provided he does not secure a "posish" at Cresson similar to the one he held last year at that favorite summer resort. May good luck attend him in all his goings and comings.

—The Messrs. Barker have been too busy receiving their new goods this week to write out an advertisement to fill the space allotted them in our last issue, but if any one wants to know what an immense stock of goods of every description they have now in store at Ebensburg and Carrolltown, and how wonderfully cheap everything is, they will be fully enlightened on those subjects by giving said firm an early call.

—The *Herald* is wrong shipped about our Elder township correspondent, who is not only far from being a "dead beat," as that paper in its own exceedingly choice language takes occasion to term him, but is so far from being the person the editor is said privately to have named, that one stroke of his honest fist would make a veritable "dead beat" out of the aforesaid editor in much less time than it took the powers that be at Washington to nip his vaulting ambition in the bud.

—Talking of Spring reminds us to call attention once more to Star Clothing Hall, where it is well to remark, as the subject we scan, that clothes in profusion, to suit every man, or boy either, in country or town, the best in the market and at prices low down, have just been received for Murphy's Spring trade, of styles and of textures the very best grade. Don't forget Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, when you want to indulge in a new suit of clothes.

—Eisenbise, of the Wilkinsburg *Times*, is responsible for the story that Job Lysinger, who is well and favorably known in Cambria county, went to bed at the Brant House, in Altoona, the other night, and left his shoes down stairs. Mother Shenk's dog entered the room where he had deposited his 13's and thinking them some kind of wild animals, pitched and tore them to shreds. Then Job, although a shoe man, had to buy a pair, as there were none among his samples large enough to fit him.

—We had a friendly though hasty call on Wednesday from Mr. P. B. Egan, traveling agent for the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, *Catholic Record* and *American Quarterly Review*, three of the most interesting, instructive and ably conducted publications, devoted to religion, literature, science and art, which this country has ever or possibly can ever produce. Mr. E. is a wide-awake business man, courteous and clever, and we are glad to know that he is meeting with deserved success in his calling.

—Pull down your vest—no, your vanity—a little, neighbor *James*, and our word for it you will not be so ready to jump at the conclusion that every crooked word which finds its way into the FREEMAN is intended to injure you either in business or character. The world is wide enough for us all, and we are one of the last men in the world who would endeavor to shove a fellow being over the ragged edge. Mind that now, and don't hereafter impute to us motives which our very nature forbids us to entertain.

—Our truly great, not to say good, friend of the *Herald* should have read more carefully what we said about a "Question of Veracity" before he rushed into print with the assertion that we are a knave and a liar, as we did not allege that it was not necessary to go beyond the *Herald* office to find a wilful prevaricator. What we did say was that "it looks very much as if," etc. A distinction, we take it, with considerable of a difference, the ungentlemanly expletives of our neighbor to the contrary notwithstanding.

—The "mare's nest" discovered by the *Herald* man in regard to the printing of an advertisement in his entire edition when he contracts to do so, dwindles down to an exceedingly diminutive resting place for a newly dropped colt when we say, as we do without fear of contradiction, that every omission of the kind, so far as the FREEMAN is concerned, is more than accounted for by future publications of advertisements or other matters we have been or are confident of being paid for. Try again, neighbor.

—Potato-bugs are budding out, we see the 'hoppers fitful gleam, and now the coy and toothsome trout coverts within his native stream. Meantime it will be a waste of time and energy for any one to engage in the wild and fruitless hunt after a larger, better and cheaper stock of boots, shoes, gaiters, etc., for men, women and children than C. Blumenthal has now in store for the Spring trade at his Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Emporium, 1119 Eleventh avenue, a few doors east of Twelfth street, Altoona, Pa.

—On the 21st of last month, Wm. M. Lloyd, of Altoona, filed an answer denying under oath the facts set forth in the petition filed against him, and demanded a jury trial. The Court ordered the case for trial before a jury at the next term, which commences on the first Monday of May. The counsel for the petitioning creditors have entered rules and filed interrogatories to take depositions of witnesses on their behalf in Altoona and this place, and it is expected the case will be ready for trial when the Court convenes.

—Hon. M. Edgar King, of the Altoona *Radical*, is a candidate for re-nominaton for Assembly on the Republican ticket in Blair county, and after the returns are all in on the Crawford county system we trust that he will be found monarch of all he surveys. Hon. B. L. Hewitt and Col. Wm K. Piper, formerly of this place, are also in the field for like honors, and rough Hewitt as we may, we cannot but hope that those who dance to the radical music over there will be found willing to pay the Piper when the proper time comes.

—Spring time has come, gentle Annie, and so has Miss Mary Davis—come from Carrolltown to Ebensburg and opened a millinery establishment in the fine residence of Ed. J. Humphreys, on Julian street, where she has now on exhibition everything in that line that can possibly rejoice and make glad the feminine heart. Elegant goods at prices never before reached in this community are the attractions offered by Miss Davis to the ladies of this vicinity. Clark's best sewing machine thread at six cents per spool, and everything else in proportion.

—"Because you flourish in worldly affairs don't be haughty and put on airs, with insolent pride of station;" but bear in mind as you jog along that Myers & Lloyd would do no wrong if they sought to beat creation in the sale of goods, which they know full well how to buy and how to sell in this age and generation. Lots of chances for wonderful bargains in present stock and an immense invoice of new dry goods, dry goods, clothing, notions, etc., soon to be received.

—S. Teitelbaum, recently of the People's Cheap Store, Carrolltown, will remove on Monday next to the large store room of A. Walters, esq., and on the following day will leave for the east to lay in a monster stock of Spring goods of all kinds, in the sale of which he is determined to discount the lowest prices ever yet reached in northern Cambria. The firm being dissolved and expenses reduced, all who favor Mr. T. with their custom may depend upon getting good goods and better bargains than ever. Call and see.

—Our neighbor of the *Herald* is greatly mistaken when he says that we attempted to belittle Steward Lilly, the truth being that we "he-bigged" him every time we alluded to him as a "bigger man than old Grant." More than that, our neighbor did an injustice by imputing to the public certain alleged sentiments without stopping to tell wether it was himself or some other donkey whose kicking he had in his mind's eye when he went on to say that our efforts to belittle, etc., are regarded by the aforesaid public "like unto that of a kick from a jackass."

—"Don't be proud and turn up your nose at poorer people in plainer clothes," but remember that every mortal who goes to Godfrey Wolff, a man who brags, but never blows about his stock, as every one knows will find enough and more, a great deal, to meet each want that man may feel, in the way of texture strong, the finest and best that ever were made into coat, pants or vest. An immense stock of spring and summer clothing just received, opened and ready for buyers at the lowest prices. Store on Twelfth street, Altoona, next door to the post-office.

—Mr. Will Connell, who for the past twelve years or more has been contracting—no, acting behind the counter at the extensive hardware store of Geo. Huntley, in this place, retired from his old "posish" and accepted an agency for the "Pictorial History of the World," a work which was reviewed at some length in these columns a few weeks ago. The book referred to is one of the finest and no doubt one of the best ever issued by the National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, and Mr. Connel is a deserving and enterprising gentleman, we feel confident that he will secure lots of orders. Success be thine, Will-i-am.

—The Altoona *Tribune* credits Senator Lemon, of this district, and Senator Dunkel, of Philadelphia, with a charitable act in securing the admission to the Jefferson Medical College Hospital, Philadelphia, of Mr. George Russell, of White township, this county, who, about three years ago was caught by a fall of coal and badly crushed, since when his lower limbs have been completely paralyzed. The object of his admission to the hospital is to secure the best medical and surgical treatment, in hopes that he may regain the use of his limbs. The afflicted man was taken to Philadelphia by Dr. Levengood, who no doubt came away *leaving good* men behind to take care of the patient.

—Capt. Morgan McDonald, whose genial and gentlemanly intercourse with his fellow men makes him hosts of warm personal friends and well wishers wherever he goes, writes to say that he has his new store at Loretto in full blast, with a larger stock and greater variety of goods of every description than were ever before brought to that place, and as the Captain has had an experience of many years in the wholesale and retail mercantile trade, no one can or will doubt his ability or disposition to buy and sell goods at the very lowest possible prices. Next week he will speak for himself through the FREEMAN, and until then and long after then we commend him to the most liberal patronage.

—The lifeless remains of Joseph Bonslongh aged 69 years, were found on Sunday morning last in the top of a fallen tree, near his home in what is known as the Loop, a few miles from Hollidaysburg, and when discovered the eyes and mouth were partially eaten away by birds or insects. The deceased, who was subject to fits, left home twelve days before the discovery of his dead body for the purpose of visiting the residence of his brother William, only a short distance away, and strange to tell none of his friends seem to have made any effort to ascertain his whereabouts, the news that the disfigured corpse of the unfortunate man had been found by a neighbor named Philip Young being the first intimation they had of his sad death.

—We are in receipt of a letter from the "immortal J. N." which the devil himself, nor no one else about the office, is able to fully decipher, though we glean enough to understand that the "immortal," etc., will, after a nine years' absence from Ebensburg, once more appear in our midst on Saturday, April 20th, for the purpose of "lifting the veil," "assuming the pressure," and "vindicating the truth" all which are sadly in need of his services at the present time. He will also perform the same kind office for Wilmore on Friday of next week, April 19th. We don't know whether "J. N." has informed a certain notable citizen of this place who is worth millions (in imagination) as to his coming, but he should certainly advise him of the fact so that a fitting welcome may await him when he reaches our town.

—The method in vogue among the Democrats of Carrolltown and Carroll township of selecting two reliable citizens in each of said districts for delegates to a county convention and leaving it to the Democrats to say by their votes who those delegates shall support for the various offices to be filled, seems to meet with very general favor in this borough and the adjoining township, and the probabilities now are that the plan will be adopted here at the coming delegate election, as it might be with equal satisfaction, so far as we can see, in all the other wards, boroughs and townships of the county. If this was done universally, every candidate for an office would have to stand or fall on his own personal and political record, and no one would be boosted into office simply because he had the good fortune to select men for delegates who were of good repute and whose popularity, and not that of the candidate secured their election.

FEMALE DISEASES.—For the benefit of those females who may be afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex, we would say we were long ago convinced that local remedies and external appliances, bandages, etc., were mere palliatives, and of no permanent value whatever; and that an efficient course of medication is the only hope of cure. Therefore, we have selected remedies that will give relief to all those cases, without needless exposure to indelicate examinations, or the wearing of disagreeable instruments.

We have cured hundreds,—yes, thousands—of cases, by medical treatment alone, and can promise speedy relief in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

Send a specimen of urine by express (not by mail) for examination and we will send you the necessary medicine.

DRS. OLDSHUE,
132 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN Everett boy named Harry Earnest sat down too close to a smouldering garden fire, a few days ago. A live coal set fire to his pantaloons and he was severely burned from the waist down to the knees. There are temptations about this item, but we resist them and pass the matter over to McPike of the FREEMAN. —*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

Thank yez, boss Traugh and brother Schwartz, for your "Earnest" desire to "give the old man a chance." If "Everett" comes in our way to return the compliment, we shall "waist" no time in getting out of your light and letting you wade in up "to the knees."

—For the benefit of the afflicted we call attention to the fact that our enterprising druggists, Messrs. Lemmon & Murray, have for some time past been selling the very valuable home medicines prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville., whose Barosma in particular is having a large sale all over this and adjoining States, its merits as a liver and kidney cure being acknowledged wherever it is known.

Local Correspondence.

WILMORE, April 10, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—Messrs. P. M. Woleslagle, P. P. McCormick and Wm. Woleslagle, of this place, and Mr. Robert McCauliff, of Somerset, took their leave of this place last night on the Fast Line, which stopped especially for the purpose of taking them on to accompany a party of colonists from the eastern part of the State, bound for Ft. Scott, Bourbon county, Kansas. Quite a crowd of friends and neighbors accompanied them to the depot to see them off and wish them a safe journey and a prosperous future in that flourishing young State to which they are going. The elder Mr. Woleslagle is a miller by trade, and an enterprising business man, who during his residence in our midst was largely identified with the prosperity and local improvement of our town. Mr. McCormick is a competent young mechanic, a carpenter, who has few superiors in modern architecture, as well as in moral worth and probity of character. Mr. Wm. Woleslagle is an efficient railroad engineer and is much esteemed by all who know him. Mr. McCauliff, who is well known about Johnstown, is an intelligent and energetic young man. Altogether, the quartette is a highly respectable one, and just the kind of men to succeed in a new settlement where energy and industry are among the necessary requirements for success in life. The Messrs. Woleslagle have left their families here for the present, to await the result of their prospecting tour. It is the design of all, however, to settle in Kansas. May good fortune bless and abundantly prosper them!

J. M.

BECKIE BURRIS, a simple minded girl, about twenty years of age, but not larger than a child of ten, daughter of James Burris, a respectable colored citizen of Altoona, died on Sunday last under most distressing circumstances, and from a detailed account of her death, published in the *Tribune*, it would seem that among the physicians of that city there is not much mutual confidence or respect. Beckie, it appears, had been seduced by a negro scoundrel named John Pople, and on Saturday last Dr. Krise, formerly of this county, was called in, her situation at the time being considered very critical. In the evening of that day, Dr. Krise sent Burris to get either Dr. Rowe or Dr. Bell, also a former citizen of this county, to come and assist him in managing the case, but they both refused to obey the summons. Burris was then instructed to procure any other physician except Drs. Brehman and Christy, and went for Dr. Findley, who refused to have anything to do with the case while it was in Dr. K.'s hands. Dr. Elliott was finally induced to go to the house, but finding that the girl had been chloroformed by Krise, he told one of the women that he (K.) did not know how to use the drug. At 3 o'clock on Sunday morning the two doctors left, Krise telling Elliott to meet him at 9 o'clock, at which time the latter was once more on hand, but Krise failed to come until an hour later, and when he did come said he would have to abandon the case, as he was called to Pittsburgh by a telegram. At this time the infant was partially born. Then a prominent physician whose name is withheld was called in, and in half an hour the poor unfortunate girl was delivered of a dead born child, and in three hours afterwards the mother herself died. We glean all these details from a long local article in the *Morning Tribune* of Wednesday.

—Messrs. A. A. Barker & Son affirm whereof they know when they declare that such a complete and varied assortment of ladies', misses' and children's shoes was never brought to either Ebensburg or Carrolltown than they have just received and opened at their mammoth stores in said places.

OBITUARY.

LITZINGER.—Died, at Du Bois, Clearfield county, on Friday, April 5, 1878, of inflamation of the bowels, Mr. GEORGE LITZINGER, jr., aged about 27 years.

The deceased was a son of Mr. Jas. Litzinger, who resides two miles south of St. Augustine, and was a highly respectable young man. Interment in St. Augustine cemetery. This is the third member of the same family whom death has claimed during the past six months, Mr. L.'s wife and one other son, John, having died within the time specified. Peace to their ashes and rest to their souls. S. M. D.

WILLIAMS.—Died, near Wilmore, on Monday, March 25th, Miss LUCY ELLEN WILLIAMS, daughter of Rev. John A. J. and Mrs. Williams, aged 14 years, 6 months and 5 days.

HARRIS.—Died, in Jackson township, on Sunday, the 7th inst., ALLEN HARRIS, son of W. W. and Elizabeth Harris, aged 23 years, 8 months and 7 days.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of funds in the hands of JAMES MYERS, Administrator of Catharine Todd, dec'd, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 3d day of MAY, 1878, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties having claims against the same may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 12, 1878.-3t.

Good Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned offers at private sale on moderate terms and easy payments his FARM in Munster township, about 2½ miles from Ebensburg. Said Farm contains **105 Acres**, more or less, about 60 A. of which are cleared, well fenced and in a good state of cultivation, with a comfortable two story weather-boarded PLANK HOUSE, 28x18 feet, containing four rooms, a new BANK BARN, 54x38 feet, and all necessary outbuildings thereon erected. There is also on the premises a thriving Orchard of apple, peach and cherry trees, besides an abundance of pure well and spring water.

For farther information apply to H. J. HADS, Esq., Chest Springs, call on the farm, or address the owner at Ebensburg, Pa.

April 12 3t. LAWRENCE MURPHY.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Horace A. Nathans and C. O. Nathans, trading as Nathans Brothers, vs. W. J. Bonner—No. 48, Sept. Term, 1877, E. D. *Fi Fa.*

A. J. Christy, for use of Mrs. Mary Christy, vs. W. J. Bonner—No. 23, Dec. Term, 1877, E. D. *Fi Fa.*

And now, April 3d, 1878, on motion of counsel interested, etc., the Court appoint John Fenlon, Esq., Auditor to report distribution arising from the sale of defendant's personal property, on the above No. 48, Sept. Term, 1877, Ex. Doc. and No. 22 Dec. Term, 1877, Ex. Doc., to and among the parties legally entitled thereto. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the undersigned Auditor will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, on THURSDAY, the 23d day of MAY, 1878, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, for the purpose of the above appointment; where and when all parties or persons interested are hereby notified to attend. JOHN FENLON, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 12, 1878.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Hotel of Conrad Rash, in Johnstown, on **SATURDAY, MAY 4th, 1878, at 2 O'CLOCK P. M.**, the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Mathias Wadsworth and Elias Wadsworth, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Joseph O'Connor, Aaron Croyle, Richard O'Connor, and others, containing 105 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a one-story plank house and stable, now in the occupancy of Mathias Wadsworth. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John O'Connor, Sr.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 10, 1878.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors and Treasurer of Carroll township, April 1, 1878:

PHILIP HOOVER, Supervisor, DR.

To full amount of Duplicate		$526.54
" order as Supervisor, 77 days		119.50—$646.04
CR.		
By exonerations	$ 1.09	
" amount work done on roads	524.63	
" services as Supervisor, 77 days	115.60	
" order paid for handles	4.00—	646.04

JAMES MELLON, Supervisor, DR.

To full amount of Duplicate		$513.92
" cash received on Duplicate		1.15
" order as Supervisor, 65 days		94.50—$609.57
CR.		
By exonerations	$ 1.78	
" amount of work done on roads	515.35	
" services as Supervisor	94.50—	609.63

JAMES MELLON, Treasurer, DR.

To full amount of Cash Duplicate		$287.13
" balance of old adjustment		106.75—$393.88
CR.		
By cash paid out	$7.28	
" order as Supervisor, 65 days	94.50	
" exonerations	2.44	
" per centage for collecting and paying out	17.05	
" full amount of orders paid out	92.56	
" order as Supervisor, 77 days	119.09—	393.31
Balance due Treasurer		$ 19.45

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above statement is just, true and correct.

THOMAS ELLIG,
JACOB YEAGLEY, } Auditors.
CHARLES DUMM,

Attest—VALENTINE DUMM, Clerk. [4-12,-3t.]

TREASURER'S SALE

—OF—

Unseated Lands and Lots

In Cambria County, A. D. 1878.

I, N. J. FREIDHOFF, Treasurer of Cambria county, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of several Acts of Assembly of said Commonwealth, directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for taxes, do hereby give notice that the following described tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said county of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale, at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, on the **Second MONDAY, being the 10th day of JUNE next**, and continue by adjournment from day to day until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

Unseated Lands—1876 and 1877.

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

Acres.	Per.	Owners or Warrantees.	Tax.
100		Martin M'Donald	$ 16 32
400		Martin M'Donald	49 60
173		William Nichols	17 65
433	40	Robert Ross	44 17
401		Jacob Clement	40 90
400		John Williams (Smith)	40 80
259		John Williams	26 46
245	54	John Riley	25 47
400		Henry Rice	40 80
400		Ferdinand Gordon	40 80
120		George B. Stinemap	21 60
81		D. T. Storm (Thos. Smith part)	11 16
869		Ebenezer Brennhour	90 54

BARR TOWNSHIP.

108		John O'Harra (Thos. Edwards' part)	12 60
		James C. Fisher.	
100		George Harrison	7 25
40		George Harrison	90
100	105	Thomas Duncan	9 50
205	105	James Town	25 06
83		William Brady	6 64
203		William McCay	20 71
140		E. Shoemaker	16 45
80		Frederick Adams	4 50

BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.

James C. Fisher.

108		John Fleming	15 33
50		Robert Fleming	7 10
45		Henry Shafner	6 39
25		Simon Snyder	3 55
35		John McCauley	4 95
100		George Slough	14 20
50		John Ross	7 10
84		William Lyon	11 93
86		John Graff	12 07
40		Flavel Brown	5 68
85		Adam Reighard	11 36
		Ann Bloodgood.	
162		Sebastian Graff	19 21
100		Jacob Slough	14 20
		Charles H. Brady.	
300		Jacob Pressinger	53 40
335		Paul Leo	59 58
147		Daniel Long	19 44
		Abram Kern's estate.	
130		John Tilford	9 56
130		Thomas Davis	18 20
57		Henry Campbell	8 08
80		Henry Campbell	8 64
50		Gabriel Boring (Snyder tract)	4 11
100		Daniel and John Davis	10 60
150		Emanuel Brallier	15 90
169		Stewart & Stoughton	22 52
105		Mary Evans	14 74
515		Mary Evans	26 84
40		Samuel Wilson	2 84
42		Capt. John Wilson	2 24
97		John Davis	13 67
		Jeremiah Mosher.	
106		George Rex	35 80
		Jacob Mrs. Smith	
134		George Rex	9 39
434		George Rex	45 70
103		John Lamereaux	11 20
345		Emanuel Brallier	15 50
1	112	William Cameron	49

CARROLL TOWNSHIP.

		John G. Mills.	
25	80	John Hoops	8 10
		Ruth McConnell's heirs.	
108		James Hoops	29 87
90		J. C. & Sebastian Luther	17 75
48		John Weber	10 00

CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.

16		Andrew Lewis	2 04
		James C. Fisher.	
80		William Burnhamer	9 12
25		John Boyd	2 85
		Andrew Duff.	
50		William Linton	5 10
		John Brown.	
100		Rees J. Lloyd	11 40
174		John Morgan	21 97
100		Johnston Moore	12 85
132		Edward Mathews	16 94
106		John J. Evans & Co	21 19

CHEST TOWNSHIP.

		George D. Morgan.	
336	110	William Parker	22 28
300		William Parker	27 00
452	44	Anthony Simons	84 07
452	44	Nathan Loughborough	84 07
321	52	Thomas Ketland	59 71
321	63	Thomas Masters	37 89
147	28	John Kelly	31 74
		Ruth McConnell's heirs.	
391	64	Charles Pope	48 48
225	68	George Pole	41 85
332	37	Joseph Pope	51 46
212	44	Samuel Ruth	40 28
168	132	George Gates	39 28
110	132	Henry Seely	18 60
134	57	Samuel Peters	16 62
319	157	Hugh Hoops	59 33
282	166	John Pope	71 05
209	144	James Hoops	130 92
124	121	George Hoops	25 92
187	120	Nathan Foster	23 06
50		Henry Foster	12 40
35	48	James Foster	5 84
		Peter Boardman	4 34
		Mary Rhodes	
109		Melchoir Fockendill	20 27
72		Joseph Pope, part of	17 86
200		Andrew Weaver	60 00
392		William Gray	48 24
433	153	Joseph Gray	54 69
530		Jas. Foster & George Gilson	270 40
405	106	James Ruth	89 29
279		Finney, Barrows & Co	69 19
127		William Parker	23 62
135	134	Henry Phillips	27 34
156	137	Simon Walker	29 62
172	189	John Hoops	21 33

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.

233	154	William Barton	28 89
233	154	Ezekiel Farmer	28 89
116		William Tilton	14 28
25		John Mitchel	3 10
188		Lewis Wolf	23 31
100		William Brady	12 40
380		Jesse Bush	46 22
433	153	Jonathan Lewis	53 68
200		Patrick Kelly	24 80
200		Patrick Such	24 80
60		Mark McGuire	7 44
130		Celestine McMullen	15 82
168		Morris Wolf	20 83
330		Henry Wolf	40 92
110		Joseph Davis	13 64
400		Henry Davis	49 60
410		Morris Davis	50 84
200		Jesse Hoops	24 80
420		Bell & Blair	52 08
400		Joseph Harris	43 20
144		E. R. Donegan	17 86
108		James Hoops	13 39
233	154	John Fisher	41 29
48		John Messer	6 16
433		John Harrison	54 69
200		James Bryson	36 80
93½		Joseph Cooper	1 92
25		Philip Cooper	3 85
169		Calvin & Ranstead	60 29
14		Riley & Sargeant	2 58
378		Thomas Patterson	80 99
80		Felix McGuire	5 95
100		P. & A. Flynn	41 80
29½		John Montgomery	2 61
336		James E. McGough	30 24
3		Albert Ivory	27
212		Michael Dunegan	9 00
		CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.	
77		James Burk	17 89
10		S. H

BIGGEST STATUE IN THE WORLD.

We are now in the heart of Japan. Kioto city was for many centuries the Mikado's capital, and until ten years ago, when the overthrow of the Shoznu left the capital of that ruler de facto open, its greater advantages led the Mikado and his Cabinet to occupy it. This old capital, at one time with a population said to have been 2,000,000, is now reduced to 150,000. I arose early, and was glad to find a clear morning. I walked out at a side door of the inn, and found myself in one of the approaches to a Shinto temple. I was almost under one of the granite touii, or monuments. This one is about sixty feet high, and four stone lanterns at the corners of the squares are of great size, and older than any I have yet seen. Just as the sun was rising above the eastern hill, I watched the men and women as they came in front of the open temple door and put their offerings in. Then clapping their hands, they fold them, bow the head in devotion, and go away to the duties of the day. For a moment the temple was deserted, and a man came out with his face turned full to the rising sun—the temple faced the south; he went through the same devotional exercises that I had just seen, but he remained longer, bowed with his head to the ground, and exhibited more fervor.

We have visited several temples situated on the hillsides, on the east side of the plain on which the city is spread out. The oldest and largest is known as the Chionin, and belongs to the Jondo sect. It is very large, measuring in its front over 200 feet. This sect never paint their temples, and this one presents a dreary aspect of weather-stained wood. Its age is given as 270 years only, and it occupies the site of an older one destroyed by fire. Stone steps lead to the bell tower, where hangs the great bell, said to be the largest in Japan. It is sounded only on the 12th and 25th of each month. It is suspended about seven feet above the ground. The metal at its rim is eleven inches in thickness. We saw another bell in size little less near the site of another temple, resting on granite supports, on the ground, near where it fell. The bridge leading to a mountain temple is of great beauty. It has two arches, and each arch doubles—one inverted under the other, so that the passages form circles. The whole, including the balustrade, is of cut granite. In strong contrast with their religious establishments is the architecture of the town. The streets are narrow and unpaved, the houses small and squalid, and poverty is written everywhere.

We have just returned from a visit to Nara, one of the old capitals of the empire, distant about thirty-six miles We drove at a brisk trot for an hour before a break occurred in the line of houses, when we crossed a branch of the Uji river, by a bridge about a thousand feet long. We entered a long street of what was once, a thousand years ago, a great city. Away up the slope of the hill it is covered, wherever we went, with walls and pavements as indestructible as the hill itself. Granite stairs lead into the wild forest, which now covers the site of vast temples of woodbroad avenues, whose rocky pavement was worn smooth by the feet of devout pilgrims before Christ was born.

Here was erected, 1,200 years ago, the largest bronze figure the world has ever known. It weighs 450 tons, and the third temple now covers it, without apparent injury to the immense statue. We went around t, but could form no estimate of its size. Our Minister at Tokio told me that it was sixty feet from the seat of lotus leaves to the top of its head, and that a man could climb through the nostril. An officer is said to have taken a chip of the casting, and an analysis of it gave 500 pounds of gold in the alloy. A great halo of gilded wood sets off the dark features as they are revealed in the shadows of the roof.

To-day we rode to Lake Bewa, distant about seven miles, and our route lay along the great Tokaido. The road is about twenty feet wide, well macadamized, with the inevitable walled ditch on either side. It is the great thoroughfare from Osaka to Tokio, and from the lake to Kioto it was a continuous stream of travel, many cattle, and a few horses, laden with goods of every description. We entered the town at the south end of the lake, and were taken to a flight of stone steps to climb to a temple that overlooked the lake. We ascended them, found ourselves on the plateau excavated in the side of the mountain, and turned to look upon the largest lake in Japan. It is sixty miles in length, but narrow at the south end. It is surrounded by rich alluvial lands. Our guide next led us to see a bell, which, he told us, had not been rung in twelve hundred years, and pointed to a small wooden building at the head of a flight of wide stone steps. We looked in through wooden bars, well worn by curious visitors, and saw supported on a strong wooden table, a bell about four feet high, with a bad crack, which seemed to have been caused by fire. It had on it a few plain figures as ornaments. Our guide informed us that it was seventeen hundred years old, and that it had hung in an ancient Shinto temple that once stood where it now lies. For five hundred years its tones floated over the placid lake, and called the people along its shores to worship. Then came a catastrophe, and twelve centuries have passed.—*San Francisco Bulletin*

SIR HENRY SPELMAN neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between 50 and 60 years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

That old Brick Building
at 6th and Market
in Philadelphia where
Wanamaker and Brown
STARTED
to earn a good name
by making ONLY
Real Good Clothing
is this year
"Full and running over"
with that kind of Clothing
that Men and Boys may =
DEPEND ON
Please Call W&B OAK Hall.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER desire to make known to consumers who find it inconvenient to visit the city every time DRY GOODS are needed, that our Mail Order Department is so perfected that shopping may be done while sitting comfortably at home as satisfactorily as at our counters.

All that is necessary is to address to us a letter mentioning the kind of goods desired, and SAMPLES to select from will be immediately forwarded. Orders are filled at the identical prices for which the goods are that day sold over the counters. The expense, trouble and fatigue of going to the city are avoided and the goods are selected from as choice an assortment as would be inspected were our establishment visited in person.

For years we have made this peculiar branch of the Dry Goods business a favorite study, and the success of our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is attested by the fact that an order is rarely filled without making a permanent customer of the person ordering. Every order, be it for a yard of muslin or a wedding trousseau, meets with the most careful and prompt attention.

SAMPLES of all kinds of DRY GOODS, SILKS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, LINENS, FLANNELS, CLOTHS, etc., with *widths* and *prices* correctly marked, promptly forwarded on application.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
N. W. COR. EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

GRAND EASTER
"BAR" GAIN
AT THE
People's CHEAP Store,
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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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Price & Knickerbocker,
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THE BIRDS OF THE SEA.—The birds that belong to the sea are very curious, and their number beyond all calculation. "Every naked rock or surf-beaten cliff that rises over the immeasurable deserts of ocean, is the refuge of myriads of sea-birds; every coast, from the poles to the equator, is covered with their legions, and far from the land their swarms hover over the solitudes of the deep." The penguins are perhaps, of all others, the birds that most widely depart from the ordinary type of their class. Their wings are adapted exclusively for motion in water, and they swim with such rapidity and perseverance, with the head alone out of water, that they frequently overtake fishes in fair pursuit. They live in the sea, and have been met with a thousand miles from the nearest known land. The larger birds of this kind sometimes weigh as much as eighty pounds, and in their stomachs have been found two pounds' weight of pebbles and large stones, swallowed, no doubt, to assist the gizzard to pound up the food submitted to its action. The irigate bird, the petrel, and the albatross, seem to range through the air over the whole extent of ocean from coast to coast of the Atlantic to the Pacific. The pelican, also, and the cormorant, are far more nearly dependent on water than land, and strictly belong to our present subject. They are all birds of powerful and rapid flight, feeding on fishes, and rarely seen far inland, though often stretching to great distances across wide expanses of sea. Thanks to them, we have those accumulated masses of guano which help to fertilize our lands. Some idea of the extent of these masses may be obtained when it is stated that, on the island of Iquique alone, upwards of six millions of cubic feet of guano have been removed within the last thirty years, while in the year 1854, not less than half a million of tons were exported from the Chincha Islands.

ORIGIN OF THE BAYONET.—The bayonet is an arm peculiarly French. It was invented, it is said, at Bayonne, in 1641, and employed in 1670 in the regiment of the King's Fusileers. It sensibly modified the system of military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less redoubtable to infantry, and caused the fire of lines of battles to be regarded as the principal means of action. The bayonet has become the decisive arm of combat. According to a local tradition it was in a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to the invention of it was, that, in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former having exhausted their ammunition, fastened their long knives to their muskets and by means of the weapon so formed put their enemies to flight. This arm rapidly came into general use in Europe. In 1678, at the time of the peace of Nimegnen, all the French grenadiers had the bayonet, but the socket, which makes the use of it so easy, was not invented until a later period. Bayonets at that time were a sort of dagger, of which the handle was placed in the muzzle of the musket, and of course prevented the musket from being fired. The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was that of Turin, in 1682; but it was not until the battle of Spires, in 1703, that the first charge of the bayonet was executed. After that epoch, up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, but the real value of it was not revealed until the wars of national independence. Then the bayonet really became a French arm.—*Army and Navy Chronicle.*

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And satisfaction fully guaranteed in old as well as new work. Having been in the Bookbinding business for over thirty years, during fourteen of which I have resided in Altoona, I flatter myself that I can do more different kinds and better binding than any man outside of New York or Philadelphia. ☞ Parties at a distance desiring work done can send or bring it to me with every assurance that it will be attended to promptly, satisfactorily and at the lowest possible rates, no matter whether common or fancy bindings are desired. ☞ A large assortment of Binder's Stock kept constantly on hand, from which the kind of binding wished for can be selected. Orders solicited.
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☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.
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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
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Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1877.-1y.*

HOME DENTISTRY.

It is so clearly the best policy, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, for all who suffer from dental complications to seek the aid of a skilled dentist, that it may be almost superfluous to promise that the following hints are written for those only who, from want of funds or other cause, are unable to obtain professional advice. Decayed teeth should at once be thoroughly stopped, whether troublesome or not, because if the nerve is exposed a tooth will always be tender, unfit for use and liable to ache; while the food will lodge in the cavity and decompose, causing the breath to be offensive. To treat a decayed tooth, proceed as follows: First clean out the cavity, picking out all the decomposed parts which can be reached, and dry the interior with cotton. For this and subsequent operations, a thin steel or iron instrument, sharpened at the point and slightly curved, will be found useful. Should the nerve be exposed, it should be killed. There are several ways of doing this. One method is to allow a drop of creosote to fall on a piece of cotton, when the latter is placed in the cavity, filling it with pure cotton. Oil of cloves may be also used; it is slower in its action, but is more agreeable. Both of these are poisons, if taken into the stomach in any considerable quantity. They are therefore to be used on the teeth with care, and only at the place needed. For the plug, take a bit of common gutta percha and plunge it into boiling water, which will soften it and render it as easy to manipulate as putty. The cavity having been cleaned and wiped dry, allow a single drop of oil of cloves to fall upon a very small bit of cotton and force the latter into the hollow of the tooth, pressing it well in. Pinch off a piece of the softened gutta percha of the size of the cavity, dry it quickly on a cotton cloth, press it in with the instrument, and smooth the outside with the finger. If the cavity is in the crown of the tooth, close the jaws, the gutta percha will thus be molded into the shape of the opposite tooth. In about ten minutes the gutta percha will harden and the tooth will be capable of use. If the nerve is not exposed and tender, the oil of cloves may be omitted. In case the tooth has decayed so far that a mere shell is left, apply sufficient gutta percha to form a complete cover. When two or three teeth touching each other are badly decayed, they may be covered with a single piece of gutta percha. If at any time the tooth again becomes troublesome, the filling may be easily removed by the pointed instrument and a fresh one inserted. It should be borne in mind that a toothache caused by an exposed nerve in a decayed tooth can be instantly cured by the application of the oil of cloves, which should be used with care, as above stated, so that it will not effect the sound teeth. When the nerve is destroyed, future relief from pain is insured. Thus all who have broken or ragged teeth, and cannot obtain dentist's aid, may readily free themselves from pain and render the injured teeth serviceable. A good wash for the mouth may be prepared as follows: Dissolve a little permanganate of potash in water, rinsing the mouth with a portion of the solution. This will destroy the organic matter hanging about the teeth, and will render the breath inodorous.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.—Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at 60 years of age, began to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between 70 and 80, commenced the study of Latin.

Baccaccio was 35 years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature, yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect—Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovice Montidesco, at the great age of 115, wrote the memoires of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past 50.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his 50th year.

Dryden in his 68th year commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to learn."

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is then helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.